

# THE ALMA

A N D

## Clearchus.

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A

PASTORAL HISTORY,

In smooth and easie V E R S E.

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Written long since,

By *JOHN CHALKHILL*, Esq;

An Acquaintant and Friend of

*EDMUND SPENCER*.

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## The Preface.

**T**HE Reader will find in this Book, *what the Title declares, A Pastoral History, in smooth and easie Verse; and will in it find many Hopes and Fears finely painted, and feelingly express'd. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the later, so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly reliev'd, by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.*

*And the Reader will here also meet with Passions heightned by easie and fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent Truth and undissembled Honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good natur'd Reader) more sympathizing and virtuous Impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless Disputes about Religion: and I heartily wish it may do so.*

## The Preface.

*And, I have also this truth to say of the Author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well belov'd; for he was humble, and obliging in his behaviour, a Gentleman, a Scholar, very innocent and prudent: and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the Story may meet with, or make all Readers like him.*

May 7. 1678.

J. W.

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To

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To my worthy Friend

Mr. *ISAAC WALTON*;

On the Publication of this POEM.

**L**ong had the bright *Thealma* lain obscure,  
Her beauteous Charms that might the world  
allure,  
Lay, like rough Diamonds in the Mine, unknown ;  
By all the Sons of Folly trampled on,  
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely Face,  
And gave her vigor to exert her Rays.  
Happy Old Man, whose worth all mankind knows,  
Except himself, who charitably shows  
The ready road to Virtue, and to Praise,  
The Road to many long, and happy days ;  
The noble Arts of generous Piety,  
And how to compass true felicity,

Hence



Hence did he learn the Art of living well,  
The bright *Thealma* was his Oracle :  
Inspir'd by her, he knows no anxious cares,  
Thro near a Century of pleasant years ;  
Easie he lives, and chearful shall he die,  
Well spoken of by late Posterity.  
As long as *Spencer's* noble flames shall burn,  
And deep Devotions throng about his Urn ;  
As long as *Chalkhill's* venerable Name,  
With humble emulation shall inflame  
Ages to come, and swell the Rolls of Fame :  
Your memory shall ever be secure,  
And long beyond our short-liv'd Praise endure ;  
As *Phidias* in *Minerva's* Shield did live,  
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

June 5. 1683.

*Tho. Flatman.*

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THEAL-

# THEALMA AND Clearchus.

I.



Scarce had the Ploughman yolk'd his  
horned Team;

And lock'd their Traces to the crook-  
ed Beam;

When fair *Thealma* with a Maiden scorn;

That day before her rise, out-blusht the morn:

Scarce had the Sun gilded the Mountain tops,

When forth she leads her tender Ewes; and hopes

The day would recompence the sad affrights

Her Love-sick heart did struggle with a-nights.

B

Down

*Thealma and Clearchus.*

Down to the Plains the poor *Thealma* wends,  
 Full of sad thoughts, and many a sigh she sends  
 Before her, which the Air stores up in vain:  
 She sucks them back, to breath them out again.  
 The Airy Choire salute the welcom day,  
 And with new Carols sing their cares away;  
 Yet move not her: she minds not what she hears:  
 Their sweeter Accents grate her tender ears,  
 That relish nought but sadness: Joy and she  
 Were not so well acquainted; one might see  
 E'ne in her very looks, a stock of Sorrow  
 So much improv'd, 'twould prove Despair to morrow.  
 Down in a Valley 'twixt two rising Hills,  
 From whence the Dew in silver drops distills  
 T'enrich the lowly Plain, a River ran  
 Hight *Cygnus*; (as some think from *Læda's* Swan  
 That there frequented) gently on it glides  
 And makes indentures in her crooked sides,  
 And with her silent murmurs, rocks asleep  
 Her watry Inmates: 'twas not very deep,

*Thealma and Clearchus.*

3

But clear as that *Narcissus* look in, when  
His Self-love made him cease to live with men.  
Close by the River, was a thick-leav'd Grove,  
Where Swains of old sang stories of their Love;  
But unfrequented now since *Collin* di'd,  
*Collin* that King of Shepherds, and the pride  
Of all *Arcadia*: Here *Thealma* us'd  
To feed her Milkie Doves, and as they brou's'd,  
Under the friendly shadow of a Beech  
She fate her down; grief had tongue-ri'd her speech;  
Her words were sighs and tears; dumb Eloquence:  
Heard only by the sobs, and not the sense.  
With folded Arms she fate, as if she meant  
To hug those woes which in her Breast were pent.  
Her looks were nail'd unto the Earth, that drank  
Her tears with greediness, and seem'd to thank  
Her for those briny showres, and in lieu  
Returns her flowry sweetness for her Dew.  
At length her sorrows waxt so big within her,  
They strove for greater vent: Oh! had you seen her,



How fain she would have hid her grief, and stay'd  
The swelling current of her woes, and made  
Her grief, through with unwillingness, to set  
Open the Flood-gates of her speech, and let  
Out that which else had drown'd her; you'd have  
deem'd

Her rather *Niobe* than what she seem'd.  
So like a weeping Rock washt with a Sea  
Of briny Waters, she appear'd to be:  
So have I seen a head-long torrent run  
Scouring along the Valley, till anon  
It meeting with some dam that checks his course,  
Swells high with rage, and doubling of its force  
Lays siege to his opposer: first he tries  
To undermine it, still his Waters rise,  
And with its weight steals through some narrow  
Pores,  
And weeps it self a vent at those small doors;  
But finding that too little for its weight,  
It breaks through all. Such was *Thealma's* state,

When

When tears would give her heart no ease, her grief

Broke into speech to give her some relief:

O my *Clearchus*, said she, and with tears

Embalms his name: "O! if the Ghosts have ears,

" Or Souls departed condescend so low,

" To sympathize with Mortals in their woe;

" Vouchsafe to lend a gentle Ear to me,

" Whose life is worse than death, since not with thee.

" What priviledg have they that are born great

" More than the meanest Swain? The proud Waves  
beat

" With more impetuousness upon high Lands,

" Than on the flat and less resisting Strands:

" The lofty Cedar, and the knotty Oak,

" Are subject more unto the thunder-stroak,

" Than the low shrubs, that no such shocks endure,

" Ev'n their contempt doth make them live secure.

" Had I been born the Child of some poor Swain,

" Whose thoughts aspire no higher than the Plain,

"I had been happy then; t'have kept these Sheep,

"Had been a Princely pleasure; quiet sleep

"Had drown'd my cares, or sweetned them with  
Dreams :

"Love and content had been my Musicks theams;

"Or had *Clearchus* liv'd the life I lead,

"I had been blest. And then a tear she shed,

That was fore-runner to so great a shower,

It drown'd her speech : such a commanding Power

That lov'd Name had, when beating of her breast,

In a sad silence she sigh'd out the rest.

By this time it was Noon, and Sol had got

Half to his Journeys ending : 'twas so hot,

The Sheep drew near the shade, and by their Dam

Lay chewing of their Cuds: at the length came

*Caretta* with her Dinner, where she found

Her Love-sick Mistriss courting of the Ground,

Moist with the tears she shed; she lifts her up,

And pouring out some Beverage in a Cup,

She gave it her to drink : hardly she sips,  
When a deep sigh agen lockt up her lips.  
*Caretta* woos and prays, (poor Country Girl,)  
And every sigh she spent, cost her a Pearl.  
Pray come to Dinner, said she, see here's Bread,  
Here's Curds and Cream, and Cheescake, sweet now,  
feed ;

Do you not love me? once you said you did.  
Do you not care for me? if you had bid  
Me do a thing, though I with Death had met  
I would have done it: Honey Mistress eat.  
I would your grief were mine, so you were well;  
What is't that troubles you? would I could tell.  
Dare you not trust me? I was ne're no blab,  
If I do tell't to any call me Drab.  
But you are angry with me, chide me then,  
Beat me, forgive, I'll ne're offend agen.  
With that she kiss'd her, and with luke-warm  
tears,  
Call'd back her Colour worn away with cares.



O my poor Girl, said she, *Sweet innocence,*  
*What a controuling winning Eloquence*  
*Hath loving honesty*; wer't not to give  
Thy love a thanks, *Thealma* would not live.  
I cannot eat; nay, weep not, I am well,  
Only I have no stomach: thou canst tell  
How long it is since good *Menippus* found  
Me Shipwrackt in the Sea, e'ne well-nigh drown'd;  
And happy had it been, if my stern fate  
Had prov'd to me so cruel fortunate  
To have unliv'd me then. Ah wish not so,  
Answer'd *Caretta*, little do you know,  
What end the fates have in preserving you.  
I hope a good one, and to tell you true,  
You do not well to question those blest powers,  
That long ago have numbred out our hours.  
And as some say, spin out our threads of life;  
Some short, some longer, they command the knife  
That cuts them off; and till that time be come  
We seek in vain to throwd us in a Tomb.

But I have done, and fear I've done amiss,  
I ask forgiveness: As I guess it is  
Some three years since my Master sav'd your life,  
'Twas much about the time he lost his Wife,  
And that's three years come *Autumn*, my good Dame  
Then lost her life, yet lives in her good name.  
I cannot chuse but weep to think on her.  
'Mongst Women kind, was not a lovingger.  
She bred me up e'ne from my Infancy,  
And lov'd me as her own, her Piety  
And love to Vertue made me love it too;  
But she is dead, and I have found in you  
What I have lost in her: my good old Master  
Follow'd her soon, he could not long out-last her.  
They lov'd so well together, Heav'n did lend  
Him longer life, only to prove your friend;  
To save your life, and he was therein blest,  
That happy action crowned all the rest  
Of his good deeds: since Heav'n hath such a care  
To preserve good ones, why should you despair?

The man you grieve for so, there's none can tell,  
 But if Heav'n be so pleas'd, may speed as well.  
 Some lucky hand Fate may for ought you know,  
 Send to save him from death as well as you.  
 And so I hope it hath, take comfort then,  
 You may, I trust, see happy days agen.  
*Thealma* all this while with serious eye,  
 Ey'd the poor Wench, unwilling to reply;  
 For in her looks she read some true presage,  
 That gave her comfort, and somewhat assuage  
 The fury of her passions; with desire  
 Her ears suck'd in her speech, to quench her fire:  
 She could have heard her speak an Age, sweet soul,  
 So pretty loud she chud her, and condole  
 With her in her misfortunes. O, said she,  
*What wisdom dwells in plain simplicity!*  
 Prithee (my dear *Caretta*) why do'st cry?  
 I am not angry, good Girl, dry thine eye,  
 Or I shall turn Child too: my tide's not spent,  
 'Twill flow agen, if thou art discontent.

For I will eat if thou'lt be merry; say,  
 Wilt thou *Caretta*? shall thy Mistress pray,  
 And thou deny her? Still *Caretta* wept,  
 Sorrow and gladness such a struggling kept  
 Within her for the Mastery; at the length  
 Joy overcame, and speech recover'd strength.  
 Sweet Mistress, said she, pardon your Hand-maid,  
 Unworthy of the Wages your love paid  
 Me; for my over-boldness think't not strange,  
 I was struck dumb at this so sweet a change.  
 I could not chuse but weep, if you'd have kill'd me,  
 With such an over-plus of joy it fill'd me:  
 I will be merry, if you can forgive;  
 Wanting your love, it is a Hell to live:  
 I was to blame; but I'll do so no more.  
 Scarce had she spoke the word; but a fell Boar  
 Rush'd from the Wood, enrag'd by a deep wound  
 Some Huntsman gave him: up he ploughs the  
 ground,



And whetting of his Tusks, about gan roam,  
 Champing his venoms moisture into foam.

*Thealma* and her Maid, half dead with fear,  
 Cry'd out for help; their cry soon reacht his ear,  
 And he came snuffling tow'rd them: still they cry,  
 And fear gave wings unto them as they fly.

The Sheep ran bleating o're the pleasant Plain,  
 And Airy Eccho answers them again;  
 Redoubling of their cries to fetch in aid,  
 Whilst to the Wood the fearful Virgins made,  
 Where a new fear assay'd them: 'twas their hap  
 To meet the Boars pursuer in the gap  
 With his Sword drawn, and all besmear'd, with  
 gore,

Which made their case more desp'rate than before,  
 As they imagin'd; yet so well as fear  
 And doubt would let them, as the man drew near  
 They 'mplor'd his help: he minds them not, but  
 spying

The chafed Boar in a thick puddle lying,

Tow'rds

Tow'rds him he makes; the Boar was soon aware,  
And with an hideous noise sucks in the Air:  
Upon his guard he stands, his Tusks new whets,  
And up on end his grisly Bristles sets.  
His wary foe, went traversing his ground,  
Spying out where was best to give a wound.  
And now *Thealma's* fears afresh began  
To seize on her; her care's now for the man,  
Lest the adventurous Youth should get some hurt,  
Or die untimely: up th' Boar flings the dirt,  
Dy'd crimson with his Blood: his foe at length  
Watching his time, and doubling of his strength,  
Gave him a wound so deep, it let out life,  
And set a bloody period to their strife:  
But he bled too, a little gash he got  
As he clos'd with him, which he minded not.  
Only *Thealma's* fears made it appear  
More dangerous than it was, longing to hear  
Her life's preserver speak: then down she falls,  
And on the Gods in thanks for blessings calls,

To recompense his Valour. He drew near,  
And smiling lifts her up, when as a tear  
Dropping into his wound, he gave a start,  
Love in that Pearl stole down into his heart.  
He was but young, scarce did the Hair begin  
In shadows to write man upon his Chin :  
Tall and well-set, his Hair a Chesnut brown,  
His looks Majestick, 'twixt a smile and frown ;  
Yet smear'd with blood, and all bedew'd with sweat  
One could not know him : by this time the heat  
Was well-nigh slak'd, and Sol's unwearied Team  
Hies to refresh them in the briny Stream.  
The stranger ey'd her earnestly, and she  
As earnestly desir'd that she might see  
His perfect Visage. To the River side  
She toles him on ; still he *Thealma* ey'd,  
But not a word he spake, which she desir'd :  
The more he look'd, the more his heart was fir'd :  
Down both together fate, and while he wash'd,  
She drest his wound which the Boar lately gash'd.

And

And having wip'd, he kist her for her care,  
When as a blush begot 'twixt joy and fear,  
Made her seem what he took her for, *his Love*;  
And this invention he had to prove,  
Whether she was *Clarinda*, ay or no:  
For so his Mistress hight. Did not you know  
The Prince *Anaxus*? now *Thealma* knew  
Not whether it were best speak false or true.  
She knew he was *Anaxus*, and her Brother,  
And from a Child she took him for no other;  
Yet knew she not what danger might ensue,  
If she disclos'd her self: her telling true  
Perhaps might work her ruine, and a lie  
Might rend her from his heart, worse than to die.  
But she, being unwilling to be known,  
Answer'd his Quere with this Question:  
Did not you know *Thealma*? at the name  
Amaz'd he started; What then, lovely Dame?  
Suppose I did? would I could say I do;  
With that he wept, she fell a melting too:

And



And with a flood of tears she thanks her Brother  
No danger can a true affection smother.

He wipes her eyes, she weeps again afresh,  
And sheds more tears t'enrich her thankfulness:

Sorrow had ty'd up both their tongues so fast,  
Love found no vent, but through their eyes; at last  
*Anaxus* blushing at his childish tears,

Rous'd up himself, and the sad Virgin cheers:  
And knew you that *Thealma* (sweet?) said he;  
I did, reply'd *Thealma*, I am she:

Look well upon me; sorrow's not so 'nkind  
So to transform me, but your eye may find  
A Sisters stamp upon me: Lovely Maid,  
How fain I would believe thee, the Youth said,  
But she was long since drown'd in the proud Deep  
She and her bold *Clearchus* sweetly sleep,  
In those soft Beds of darkness; and in Dreams  
Embrace each other, spight of churlish streams;  
The very name *Clearchus* chill'd her Veins,  
And like an unmov'd Statue she remains,

Pale as Death's self, till with a warm love kiss,  
He thaw'd her icy coldness ; such power is  
In the sweet touch of love : Sweet soul, said he,  
Be comforted, the sorrow 'longs to me.

Why should the sad relation of a woe  
You have no interest in, make you grieve so ?

No interest, said she ; Yes, *Anaxus*, know  
I am a greater sharer in't than you.

Have you forgot your Sister, I am she  
The hapless poor *Thealma*, and to me  
Belongs the sorrow ; you but grieve in vain  
If't be for her, since she is found again.

Are you not then *Clarinda* ? said the Youth,  
Twere cruelty to mock me with untruth :

Your Speech is hers, and in your Looks I read  
Her lovely Character : sweet Virgin lead  
Me from this Labyrinth of Doubts, what e're  
You are, there is in you so much of her  
That I both love and honor you. Fair Sir,

Answered *Thealma* smiling, why of her

Make you so strict enquiry, is your eye  
So dazel'd with her beauty, that poor I  
Must lose the name of Sister? Say you love her,  
Can your love make you cease to be a Brother?  
Whereat from forth her Bosom, next the Heart,  
She pluckt a little Tablet, whereon Art  
Had wrought her skill; and opening it, said she,  
Do you not know this Picture? let that be  
The witness of the truth which I have told.  
With that *Anaxus* could no longer hold,  
But falling on her neck, with joy he kist her,  
Saying, Thanks Heaven, liv'st thou then my dear  
Sister!

My lov'd *Thealma*! wert not thou cast away?  
What happy hand hath sav'd thee? But the day  
Was then far spent; 'twas time to think on home,  
And her *Caretta* all amaz'd was come  
And waited her commands: the fiery Sun  
Went blushing down at the short race he run;

The Marigold shuts up her golden Flowers,  
 And the sweet Song-birds hy'd unto their Bowers.  
 Night-swaying *Morpheus* clothes the East in black,  
 And *Cynthia* following her Brothers track  
 With new and brighter Rayes, her self adorns,  
 Lighting the starry Tapers at her Horns.

Homeward *Anaxus* and *Thealma* wend,  
 Where we must leave them for a while to end  
 The story of their Sorrows. Night being come,  
 A time when all repair unto some home,  
 Leave the poor Fisherman, that still abides  
 Out-watching care in tending on the Tides.

*Phobus* was yet at Sea, and as his Ketch  
 Tack't to and fro, the scanty wind to snatch;  
 He spyed a Frigat, and as night gave leave  
 Through *Cynthia's* brightness he might well per-  
 ceive

was of *Lemnos*; and as it drew near,  
 From the becalmed Bark he well might hear



A Voice that hail'd him ; asking whence he was ?  
He answer'd, from *Arcadia*. In that place  
Were many little Islands, call'd of old  
*Rupillas*, from the many Rocks they hold,  
A most frequented place for Fish ; in vain  
They trimm'd their flagging Sails to stem the Main.  
But scarce a breath of Wind was stirring, when  
The Master hail'd the Fisherman agen :  
And letting fall an Anchor, beckon'd him  
To come aboard. *Rhotus* delay'd no time,  
But makes unto the Ship ; he soon got thither, 1  
Using his Oars to out-do the Weather.  
His Ketch he hooks unto the Frigats Stern,  
And up the Ship he climbs ; he might discern  
At his first entry such a sad aspect  
In all the Passengers, he might collect  
Out of their looks, that some misfortune had  
Lately befalln them, they were all so sad.  
One 'mongst the rest there was, a grave old man,  
(To whom they all stood bare) that thus began.

Welcome

Welcome, kind friend, nay sit, what Bark? with  
Fish?

Canst thou afford for *Lemnian* Coin a Dish?

Yes Master, that I can, a good Dish too;

And as they like you, pay me; I will go

And fetch them straight; He did so, and was paid

To his content: the Fish were ready made,

And down they sate, the better sort and worse

Fare'd all alike, it was their constant course;

Four to a Mess; and to augment their Fare,

Their second Courses, good Discourses were.

Amongst the various talk, the grave old Lord,

(For so he was) that hal'd the Ketch aboard,

Thus question'd *Rhotus*, Honest Fisher, tell

What news affords *Arcadia*; thou knowest well:

Who rules that Free-born State, under what Laws,

Or Civil Government remain they? what's the  
cause

Of their late falling out? *Rhotus* replies,

And as he spake the tears stood in his eyes:

As well as grief will let me, worthy Sir,  
Though I shall prove but a bad Chronicler  
Of State Affairs, yet with your gentle leave  
I'll tell you all I know; nor will I weave  
Any untruths in my discourse, or raise,  
By flattering mine own Countrymen, a praise  
Their worth were merited; what I shall tell  
Is nothing but the truth; then mark me well.

Then quiet silence shut up their discourse,  
Scarce was a whisper heard, "Such a strange force  
"Hath novelty; it makes us swift to hear,  
"And to the speaker chains the greedy ear.

*Arcadia* was of old (said he) a State  
Subject to none but their own Laws and Fate:  
Superior there was none, but what old age  
And hoary hairs had rais'd; the wise and sage,  
Whose gravity, when they were rich in years,  
Begot a civil reverence more than fears

In the well manner'd people; at that day  
All was in common, every man bare fway  
O're his own Family; the jars that rose  
Were soon appeas'd by such grave men as those:  
This mine and thine, that we so cavil for,  
Was then not heard of: he that was most poor  
Was rich in his content, and liv'd as free  
As they whose flocks were greatest, nor did he  
Envy his great abundance, nor the other  
Disdain the low condition of his Brother,  
But lent him from his store to mend his state,  
And with his love he quits him, thanks his fate;  
And taught by his example, seeks out such  
As want his help, that he may do as much.  
Their Laws e'en from their childhood, rich and  
poor,  
Had written in their hearts by conning o're  
The Legacies of good old men, whose memories  
Out-live their Monuments: the grave advice



They left behind in writing ; this was that  
That made *Arcadia* then so blest a State,  
Their wholesome Laws had linkt them so in one,  
They liv'd in peace and sweet communion.  
Peace brought forth plenty, plenty bred content,  
And that crown'd all their pains with merriment.  
They had no foe, secure they liv'd in Tents,  
All was their own they had, they paid no rents ;  
Their Sheep found cloathing, Earth provided food,  
And Labour dress'd them as their wills thought good.  
On unbought Delicates their Hunger fed,  
And for their Drink the swelling Clusters bled :  
The Vallies rang with their delicious strains,  
And pleasure revel'd on those happy Plains,  
Content and Labor gave them length of days,  
And Peace serv'd in delight a thousand ways.  
The golden Age before *Deucalion's* Flood  
Was not more happy, nor the folk more good.  
But time that eats the Children he begets,  
And is less satisfied the more he eats,

Led on by Fate that terminates all things,  
Ruin'd our State, by sending of us Kings:  
Ambition (Sins first-born) the bane of State,  
Stole into men, puffing them up with hate  
And emulous desires; Love waxen cold,  
And into Iron freeze the age of Gold.  
The Laws contempt made cruelty step in,  
And stead of curbing animated Sin,  
The Rich man tramples on the Poor man's back,  
Raising his Fortunes by his Brothers wrack.  
The wronged Poor necessity 'gan teach,  
To live by Rapine, stealing from the Rich:  
The Temples, which Devotion had erected  
In honor of the Gods, were now neglected.  
No Altar-smoaks with sacrificed Beasts,  
No Incense offer'd, no Love-strength'ning Feasts.  
Mens greedy Avarice made Gods of Clay,  
Their Gold and Silver: Field to Field they lay,  
And House to House; no matter how 'twas got,  
The hand of Justice they regarded not.

Like a distemper'd Body Fever-shaken,  
When with combustion every Limb is taken:  
The Head wants ease, the heavy Eyes want sleep,  
The beating Pulse no just proportion keep;  
The Tongue talks idly, reason cannot rule it,  
And the Heart fires the Air drawn in to cool it.  
The Palat relisheth no meat, the Ears  
But ill affected with the sweets it hears.  
The Hands deny their aid to help him up,  
And fall, as to his lips they lift the cup.  
The Legs and Feet disjoynted, and useless,  
Shrinking beneath the burden of the Flesh.  
Such was *Arcadia* then, till *Clitus* reign'd,  
The first and best of Kings that e're obtain'd  
Th' *Arcadian* Scepter: he piec'd up the State,  
And made it somewhat like to fortunate.  
He dying without Issue on the suddain,  
Heav'n nipt their growing glory in the budding:  
They choose *Philemon*, one of *Clitus* Race  
To sway the Scepter; a brave Youth he was,

As Wise as Valiant, had he been as Chast,

*Arcadia* had been happy ; but his Lust

Level'd *Arcadia's* Glory with the Dust.

There was a noble Shepherd *Stremon* height,

As good as great, whose Virtues had of right

Better deserv'd a Crown, had severe Fate

But pleas'd to smile so then upon our State.

He had one only Daughter young and fair,

Most richly qualited, and which was rare

In that same looser age divinely chaste ;

Though su'd to by no mean ones, yet at last

Her Father match'd her to a Shepherds Son,

Equal in Birth and Fortune; such a one

As merited the double Dower she brought,

Both of her Wealth and Virtue : Heav'n had  
wrought

Their minds so both alike : His noble Sire

Was *Clitus* named, to whose *Thracian* Lirc

The Shepherds wont to tune their Pipes, and frame

Their curious Madrigals. The Virgins name

Was



Was *Castabella*, *Clitus* his brave Son,  
*Lyfander* hight. The Nuptials being done,  
To which the King came willingly a Guest ;  
Each one repair'd unto their business,  
The charge of their own Flocks ; the nobler sort  
Accompanied the King unto the Court.  
The meaner rout of Shepherds and their Swains,  
With Hook and Scrip went jogging to the Plains,  
Scarce had the Sun (that then at *Cancer* in'd)  
Twice measured the Earth, when Love strook blind  
The lustful King, whose amorous desires  
Grew into lawless passions, and strange fires,  
That none but *Castabella* would serve turn  
To quench his Flames, though she had made them  
burn,  
He had the choice of many fair ones too,  
And well descended : Kings need not to wooe ;  
The very name will bring a Nun to bed,  
Ambition values not a Maiden-head :

But he likes none, none but the new-wed Wife  
Must be the Umpire to decide the strife.  
He casts about to get what he desir'd,  
The more he plots, the more his heart is fir'd.  
He knew her chaste and virtuous, no weak bars  
To oppose the strongest Soldier in Loves Wars.  
He knew her Father powerful, well-beloved,  
Both for his Wisdom and good Deeds approved,  
Among the giddy rout ; as for his Son,  
His own demerit spake him such a one  
As durst revenge ; nor could he want for friends  
To second his attempts in noble ends.  
Still the King burns, and still his working brain  
Plots and displots, thinks and unthinks again.  
At length his will resolv'd him in this sort,  
*Tremon* and *Clitus* both were yet at Court,  
Busi'd in State-Affairs ; *Lysander* he  
Was where a Husband lately wed should be,  
At home a weaning of his Wives desires,  
From her old Sire, to warm her at his fires.

As hapless hap would have it, it fell out  
That at that time a rude uncivil rout  
Of out-law'd Mutineers, had gather'd head  
Upon the Frontiers, as their fury led ;  
Burning and spoiling all ; the Council fit  
Advising to suppress them ; 'twas thought fit  
Some strength should go against them, all this made  
For the Kings purpose : then a care was had  
Who should conduct those Forces , some were  
nam'd,  
The Choice one likes, is by another blam'd.  
*Philemon* gives them line enough, for he  
Had fore-projected who the man should be :  
Yet held his peace, 'twas not his cue as yet  
To speak his mind ; at length they do intreat  
That he would name the man : the King did so,  
*Lyfander* was the man, he nam'd to go :  
His judgment was agreed on ; th' two old men,  
*Stremon* and *Clitus* thought them honor'd, when

They

They heard him name *Lysander*, and with glad ears,  
Welcome his killing favour without fears.

He makes him Captain of his strongest Fort,

Thus Wolf-like he did welcome him to Court,

The days were set for his dispatch; mean space

He takes his leave of his Wives chaste embrace:

It little boots her love to weep him back,

Nor stood it with his honor to be slack

In such a noble enterprize; he went

Arm'd with strong hopes, and the Kings blandish-  
ment.

No sooner was he gone, but the sly King

Rid of his chiefest fears, began to sing

A *requiem* to his thoughts: th' Affairs of State

He left unto his Nobles to debate;

And minds his sport, the Hunting of the Hare,

The Fox and Wolf; this took up all his care.

Upon a day, as in a tedious chase

He lost his Train that did out-ride his Race;



Or rather of set purpose, slackt his coarse,  
Intending to excuse it on his Horse,  
He stole to *Stremons* lodg, the day was spent,  
The fittest time to act his foul intent.  
He knocks at *Stremons* Lodg, but no man hears,  
All were abed, and sleep had charm'd their ears,  
He knocks agen; with that he heard a groan,  
Pow'rful enough t'have turn'd a cruel one  
From his bad purpose? Who's within, said he,  
If you be good folks, rise and pity me.  
But none reply'd : another groan he hears,  
And cruel fortune drew him by the ears  
To what he wisht for. *Castabella* yet  
Was not in bed, sorrow deny'd to let  
Her moist eyes sleep, for her increasing fears  
Conspir'd to keep them open with her tears.  
A little from the Lodg, on the descent  
Of the small Hill it stood on, a way bent  
Unto an Orchard thick with Trees beset;  
Through which there ran a Crystal Rivelet,

Whose purling streams that wrangled with the  
stones,

In trembling accents, eccho'd back her groans?

Here in an arbor *Castabella* fate,

Full of sad thoughts, and most disconsolate.

The door was ope, and in *Philemon* steals,

But in a Bush a while himself conceals,

Till he the voice might more distinctly hear,

And better be resolv'd that she was there ;

And so he did : fortune his Bawd became,

And led him on to Lust. The fearless Dame

After a deep fetcht sigh, thus faintly spake,

O my *Lyfander*, why would'st thou not take

Me along with thee ; then a flood of tears

Clos'd up her lips, When this had reacht his ears,

Like a fell Wolf he rusht upon his prey,

Stopping her cries with kisses: weep she may,

And lift her hands to Heaven, but in vain,

It was too late for help t'undo again

What he had done. Her honor more to her  
Was than her life, the cruel Murtherer  
Had rob'd her of, and glories in his prize.  
It is no news for lust to tyrannize.  
He thank't his Fortune that did so prevent  
His first design by short'ning his intent.  
The Black deed done, the Ravisher hies thence,  
Leaving his shame to murder innocence:  
He had his wish, and that which gild his Sin,  
He knew suspicion could not suspect him.  
Report, the blab-tongue of those tell-tale times,  
That rather magnifies than lessens Crimes,  
Slept when this act was done, such thoughts as  
these,  
Sear'd up his Conscience with a carelessness.  
Poor *Castabella* having now lost all,  
That she thought worth the losing, would not call  
For help to be a witness of her shame:  
It was too late, nor did she know his name.

That had undone her : cruel thoughts arise,  
And wanting other vent, break through her eyes.  
Shame prompts her to despair, and let out life,  
Revenge advis'd her to conceal her grief :  
Fear checks Revenge, and Honor chides her Fear,  
Within her Breast such mutinous thoughts there  
were

She could resolve on nothing : day then breaks,  
And Shame in blushes rose upon her cheeks.

With that she spies a Ring lie at her feet,  
She took it up, and glad she was to see't.

By this she thought, if Fate so pitied her,

In time she might find out the Ravisher.

Revenge then whispers in her ear afresh,

Be bold, she lookt upon't, but could not guess

Whose it might be ; yet she remember'd well

Sh'ad seen't before, but where she could not tell.

With that she threw it from her in disdain,

Yet thought wrought so she took it up again ;



And looking better on't, within the Ring,  
She spied the Name and Motto of the King :  
Whereat she starts: O ye blest powers ! said she,  
Thanks for this happy strange discovery.  
She wrapt it up, and to the Lodg she went  
To study some revenge ; 'twas her intent  
By some devise to 'tise *Philemon* thither,  
And there to end his Life and hers together :  
But that was crost, *Lyfander* back returns,  
Crown'd with a noble Victory and Horns  
That he ne'r dreamt of: to his Wife he goes,  
And finds her weeping, no content she shows  
At his safe coming back; but speaks in Tears.  
He lov'd too well to harbour jealous Fears.  
He wip'd her Eyes, and kist her to invite  
A gentle welcome from her if he might :  
But 'twould not be ; He askt her why she wept,  
And who had wrong'd her ; still she silence kept,  
And turns away : then he began to doubt  
All was not well ; to find the matter out,

He tries all means ; and first with mild intreats  
 He woes her to disclose it : then with threats  
 He seeks to wring it from her. Much ado  
 She told him the sad story of her woe.  
 The Ring confirm'd the truth of her report.  
 And he believ'd her straight : He hies to Court  
 T' acquaint his Fathers with it. All three vow  
 To be reveng'd, but first they study how.  
 Well, to be brief, they muster up their Friends,  
 And now *Philemon* 'gan to guess their ends,  
 And counterworks t' oppose them, gathers strength  
 And boldly goes to meet them ; at the length  
 They Battel joyn : *Philemon* put to flight,  
 And many thousands butcher'd in the Fight ;  
 'Mongst whom old *Stremon* fell, whose noble spirit  
 Out-did his Age, and by his brave merit,  
 Did rein himself so glorious a name,  
*Arcadia* to this day adores the fame.  
*Lyfander*'s wrongs spurr'd on his swift pursuit  
 After *Philemon*, when a sudden shout

Amongst his Soldiers caus'd him sound retreat,  
Fearing some mutiny, all in a sweat  
A Messenger ran tow'rd him, crying out,  
Return my Lord, the cunning Wolf's found out.  
*Philemon's* slain, and you proclaimed King;  
With that agen the ecchoing Vallies ring.  
The Foe it seems had wheel'd about a Meer,  
In policy to set upon the Reer  
Of bold *Lysander's* Troops; they fac'd about  
And meet his Charge; when a brave Y<sup>th</sup> slept  
out  
'And singles forth the King: they us'd no words,  
The Cause was to be pleaded by their Swords,  
Which anger whet: no blow was giv'n in vain,  
Now they retire, and then come on again;  
Like two Wild Boars for mastery they strive,  
And many wounds on either side they give:  
Then grappling both together, both fell down,  
Fainting for want of Blood; when with a frown,

As killing as his Sword, the brave Youth gave  
His Foe a Wound that sent him to his Grave.  
Take that thou murderer of my Honors name,  
Said the brave Youth, or rather the brave Dame ;  
For so it prov'd : yet her Disguise was such,  
The sharpest eye could not discern so much,  
Until *Lysander* came, his piercing eye  
Soon found who 'twas, he knew her presently ;  
'Twas *Castabella* his unhappy Wife,  
Who losing Honor, would not keep her Life ;  
But thrusts her self into the midst of danger,  
To seek out Death, and would have dy'd a Stranger  
Unto *Lysander*'s knowledg ; had not he  
Inform'd the world it could be none but she  
That durst win Honor so. The Noble Dame  
Was not quite dead when as *Lysander* came,  
Who stooping down to kiss her, with his Tears  
T'embalm her for a Grave, her self she rears,  
And meeting his Embrace ; welcome, said she,  
Welcome *Lysander* ; since I have seen thee



I dare Deaths worst : then sinking down she  
dy'd,

The honor of her Sex : all means were try'd  
To call back Life, but Medicines came late,  
Her Blood was spent, and she subscribes to Fate.

*Lyfander* was about to sacrifice

Himself t'appease th' incensed Destinies ;

And had not one stept in and held his hand,

He'd done the deed, and so undone the Land.

Peace was proclaim'd to all that would submit

On the Foes side : the Soldiers dig a pit

And tumble in *Philemon*, none there were,

Or Friend or Foe, that seem'd to shed a Tear

To deck his Hearse withal. Thus his base Lust

Untimely laid his Glory in the Dust.

But *Castabella* she out-liv'd her shame,

And Shepherds Swains still Carol out her Fame.

She needs no Poets Pen to mount it high,

*Lyfander* wept her out an Elegy.

Her Obsequies once o're, the King was Crown'd,  
And Wars loud noise with Peals of Joy was  
drown'd:

*Janus* his Temple was shut up, and peace  
Usher'd in Plenty by their Flocks increase;  
But long it lasted not, *Philemon's* Friends  
Soon gather'd head agen. *Lysander* sends  
Some Force against them, but with bad success,  
The Foe prevails and seals their hardness.

*Lysander* goes in person and is slain,  
*Philemon's* Friends then make a King again;  
A hot-spurr'd Youth height *Hylas*, such a one  
As pride had fitted for Commotion.  
About that time in a tempestuous night,  
A Ship that by misfortune chanc'd to light  
Upon the Rocks that are upon our Coast,  
Was split to pieces, all the lading lost,  
And all the Passengers, save a Young man  
That Fortune rescu'd from the Ocean.

When day was broke, and I put out to Sea,  
To fish out a poor living ; by the Lea  
As I was coasting, I might well espy  
The Carkase of a Ship : my Man and I  
Made straight-way tow'rd it, and with Wind and  
Oar,

We quickly reacht it : 'twas not far from Shoar,  
About some half a League ; we view'd the Wrack,  
But found no people in't ; when looking back  
Upon a shelving Rock, a man we 'spi'd,  
As we thought, dead, and cast up by the Tide :  
But by good hap he was not, yet well-nigh  
Starv'd with the Cold, and the Seas cruelty.  
We thaw'd him into life agen, but he  
As if he relisht not our Charity,  
Seem'd to be angry : and had we not been,  
The Youth had leapt into the Sea agen.  
Perforce we brought him home, where with warm  
Potions,  
We thaw'd his nummed Joynts into their motions.

And chiding his despair, with good advice  
I warm'd his hopes that else had froze to Ice.  
A braver Youth mine eye ne'er lookt upon,  
Nor of a sweeter disposition.

Old *Cleon* could no longer silence keep,  
But askt his name, and as he askt did weep.  
Was he your friend, quoth *Rhotus*. he's alive,  
Knew you as much as I, you would not grieve,  
He calls himself *Alexis*, now our King,  
And long may we enjoy his governing :  
But he forgets who sav'd his life ; great men  
Seldom remember to look down agen.

There was a time when I'd have scorn'd to crave  
A thanks from any, till a churlish wave  
Washt off my friends , and thrust me from the  
Court,

To dwell with labor ; but I thank them for't.  
Content dwells not at Court ; but I have done,  
And if you please, my Lord, I will go on



Where I left off a while: *Hylas* being King,  
Puff'd up with Pride, by often Conquering.  
He fell to riot, King and People both  
Laid Arms aside to fall in love with Sloth:  
The Downs were unfrequented, Shepherd Swains  
Were very rarely seen to haunt the Plains.  
The Plough lay still, the Earth Manuring needs,  
And stead of Corn brought forth a Crop of Weeds,  
No Courts of Justice kept, no law observ'd,  
No hand to punish such as ill deserv'd.  
Their Will was then their Law, who durst resist,  
*Hylas* connives, and all did what they list.  
*Lyfander's* Friends were scatter'd here and there,  
And liv'd obscurely circled in with fear.  
Some Till'd the Ground, whilst others fed their  
Flocks,  
Under the covert of some hanging Rocks:  
Others fell'd Wood, and some dye weavy Yarn,  
The Women Spun; thus all were forc'd to earn

Their Bread by sweaty Labor : 'mongst the many,  
I and some others fislit to get a penny.

And had I but my Daughter which I lost  
In the Foes hot pursuit ; (for without boast,  
She was a good one) I should think me blest,  
Nor would I change my Calling with the best.  
She was my-only comfort ; but she's dead,  
Or, which is worse, I fear me ravished.

But I digress too much : upon a day  
When cares triumphs gave us leave to play,  
We all assembled on a spacious Green,  
To tell old Tales, and choose our Summers Queen.  
Thither *Alexis*, my late Shipwrackt Guest,  
At my intreaty came, and 'mongst the rest,  
In their Disports made one ; no exercise  
Did come amiss to him ; for all he tries,  
And won the prize in all : the graver sort  
That minded more their Safety than their Sport,  
'Gan to bethink them on their former State,  
And on their Countries Fractions ruminat.

They

They had intelligence how matters went  
In *Hylas Court*, whose peoples minds were bent  
To nought but idleness ; that fruitful Sin  
That never bears a Child that's not a Twin.  
They heard they had unmann'd themselves by ease,  
And how security like a Disease  
Spread o're their Dwellings , how their profus'd  
hand  
Squander'd away the plenty of the Land :  
How civil Discords sprang up ev'ry hour,  
And quench'd themselves in Blood ; how the Laws  
power  
Was wholly slighted, Justice made a jeer,  
And Sins unheard of practis'd without fear.  
The State was sick at heart, and now or never  
Was time to cure it: all consult together,  
How to recover what they lost of late,  
Their Liberty and Means; long they debate  
About the matter: all resolve to fight,  
And by the Law of Arms to plead their Right.

But now they want a Head, and whom to trust:  
They could not well resolve on, choose they must  
One of necessity : the Civil Wars  
Had scarce left any that durst trade for Scars.  
The flower of Youth was gone, save four or five  
Were left to keep *Arcadia's* Fame alive ;  
Yet all too young to govern, all about  
They view the Youth to single some one out.  
By this time they had crown'd *Alexis* brow  
With Wreathes of Bayes, and all the Youth allow  
Of him a Victor ; many Oades they sing  
In praise of him ; then to the Bower they bring  
Their noble Champion, where, as they were wont,  
They lead him to a little Turfie Mount  
Erected for that purpose, where all might  
Both hear and see the Victor with delight.  
He had a man-like Look, and sparkling Eye,  
A Front whereon sat such a Majesty,  
As aw'd all his Beholders ; his long Hair,  
After the Grecian fashion, without care



Hung down loosely on his Shoulders, black as Jet,  
 And shining with his oily honor'd Sweat,  
 His body streight, and well proportion'd, Tall,  
 Well Limm'd, well Set, long Arm'd; one hardly  
 shall

Among a thousand find one in all points,  
 So well compact, and Sinew'd in his Joynts.  
 But that which crown'd the rest, he had a Tongue  
 Whose sweetness *Toal'd* unwillingness along,  
 And drew attention from the dullest ear,  
 His words so oily smooth, and winning were.

*Rhotus* was going on when day appear'd,  
 And with its light the cloudy welkin clear'd.  
 They heard the Milk-maids hollow home their  
 Kine,  
 And to thtir Troughs knock in their stragling  
 Swine.

The Birds 'gan sing, the Calves and Lambkins bleat,  
 Wanting the milky Breakfast of a Tear.

With that he brake off his Discourse, intending  
 Some fitter time to give his Story ending.

Some household bus'ness call'd his care ashore,  
And *Cleon* thought on what concern'd him more.  
His men weigh Anchor, and with *Rhotus* sail  
Toward the Land, they had so strong a gale ;  
They quickly reach'd the Port where *Rhotus*  
dwelt,

Who with old *Cleon* with fair words so dealt,  
He won him to his Cell ; where as his Guest  
We'll leave him, earnest to hear out the rest.

By this time had *Anaxus* ta'en his leave  
Of his kind Sister, that afresh can grieve  
For his departure, she intreats in vain,  
And spends her tears to wash him back again,  
But 'twould not be; he leaves her to her woes,  
And in the search of his *Clarinda* goes.  
He scarce had travel'd two days journey thence,  
When hying to a shade, for his defence  
Gainst the Suns scorching heat, who then began  
To approach the point of the Meridian:

Within a little silent Grove hard by  
Upon a small ascent, he might espy  
A stately Chappel, richly gilt without,  
Beset with shady Sycamores about :  
And ever and anon he might well hear  
A found of Musick steal in at his ear  
As the wind gave it being : so sweet an Air  
Would strike a Syren mute and ravish her.  
He sees no creature that might cause the same,  
But he was sure that from the Grove it came.  
And to the Grove he goes to satisfy  
The curiosity of Ear and Eye.

Through the thick leav'd Boughs he makes a way,  
Nor could the scratching Brambles make him stay :  
But on he rushes, and climbs up the Hill,  
Thorow a glade he saw, and heard his fill.  
A hundred Virgins there he might espy  
Prostrate before a Marble Deity :  
Which by its Portraicture appear'd to be  
The image of *Diana* : on their knee

They tender'd their Devotions : with sweet Airs,  
 Off'ring the Incense of their Praise and Prayers.  
 Their Garments all alike ; beneath their Paps  
 Buckl'd together with a silver Claps,  
 And cross their snowy Silken Robes, they wore  
 An Azure Scarf, with Stars Embroider'd o're.  
 Their Hair in curious Tresses was knit up,  
 Crown'd with a Silver Crescent on the top.  
 A Silver Bow their left hand held, their right  
 For their defence, held a sharp headed flight  
 Drawn from their broidred Quiver, neatly ti'd  
 In Silken Cords, and fastned to their side.  
 Under their Vestments something short before  
 White Buskins *lac'd* with ribbanding they wore.  
 It was a catching sight for a young eye,  
 That Love had fir'd before, he might espy  
 One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,  
 Whose head was with a golden Chaplet crown'd.  
 He could not see her Face, only his ear  
 Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.



He was about removing ; when a crew  
Of lawless Thieves their horny Trumpets blew,  
And from behind the Temple unawares  
Rush'd in upon them, busie at their Prayers.

The Virgins to their weak resistance flie,  
And made a show as if they meant to try  
The mastery by opposing ; but poor souls  
They soon gave back, and ran away in shoals.  
Yet some were taken, such as scorn of fear  
Had left behind to fortifie the rear.

'Mongst whom their Queen was one, a braver Maid  
*Anaxus* ne're beheld ; she su'd and pray'd  
For life, to those that had no pity left,  
Unless in murthering those they had bereft  
Of honor. This incens'd *Anaxus* rage,  
And in he rush't, unlookt for on that stage :  
Then out his Sword he draws, and dealt such blows  
That strook amazement in his numerous foes.  
Twenty to one there were, too great an odds,  
Had not his cause drawn succor from the gods.

The first he coapt with was their Captain, whom  
His Sword sent headless to seek out a Tomb.  
This cowarded the valour of the rest,  
A second drops to make the Worms a Feast.  
A third and fourth soon follow'd, six he slew,  
And so dismaid the fearful residue,  
That down the Hill they fled : he after hies  
And fell another Villain, as he flies.  
To the thick Wood he chac'd them, 'twas in vain  
To follow further ; up the Hill again  
Weary *Anaxus* climbs, in hope to find  
The rescu'd Virgins he had left behind.  
But all were gone ; fear lent them wings, and they  
Fled to their home affrighted any way.  
They durst not stay to hazard the event  
Of such a doubtful combat ; yet they lent  
Him many a Pray'r to bring on good success,  
And thankt him for his noble hardiness,  
That freed them from the danger they were in,  
And met the shock himself ; the Virgin-Queen

Full little dreamt , what Champion Love had  
brought

To rescue her bright honor; had she thought.

It had *Anaxus* been, she would have shar'd.

In the Adventure how so e're she far'd.

But fate was not so pleas'd, the Youth was sad

To see all gone: the many Wounds he had

Griev'd him not so, as that he did not know

Her for whose sake he had adventur'd so.

Yet was he glad who e're she was, that he

Had come so luckily to set them free

From such a certain thraldom; night drew on

And his Wounds smarted: no Chirurgeon

Was near at hand to bind them up, and pour

His balmy Medicines into his Sore:

And surely he had dy'd, but that his heart

Was yet too stout to yield for want of Art.

Looking about upon a small ascent

He spy'd an old Thatcht-House, all to be rent

And eaten out by time, and the foul weather,  
Or rather seem'd a piece of ruine; thither  
*Anaxus* faintly hies, and in the way  
He meets with old *Sylvanus*, who they say  
Had skill in Augury, and could foretel  
Th' event of things: he came then from his Cell  
To gather a few Herbs and Roots; the Cates  
He fed upon: *Anaxus* him entreats  
To bind his Wounds up, and with care t'apply  
Unto his Sores some wholsome remedy.  
A trim old man he was, though Age had plow'd  
Up many Wrinkles in his Brow, and bow'd  
His Body somewhat tow'rd the Earth; his Hairs  
Like the Snows woolly flakes made white with  
cares,  
The Thorns that now and then pluckt off the  
Doun,  
And wore away for Baldness to a Crown:  
His broad kemb'd Beard hung down near to his  
Waist,  
The only comely ornament that grac'd



His reverend old age, his feet were bare,  
But for his leathern Sandals, which he ware  
To keep them clean from galling, which compell'd  
Him use a staff to help him to the Field.  
He durst not trust his legs, they fail'd him then,  
And he was almost grown a child agen :  
Yet sound in judgment, not impair'd in mind,  
For Age had rather the Souls parts refin'd,  
Than any way infirm'd ; his Wit no less  
Than 'twas in Youth, his Memory as fresh ;  
He fail'd in nothing but his earthly part,  
That tended to its center ; yet his heart  
Was still the same, and beat as lustily :  
For, as it first took life, it would last die.  
Upon the Youth with greedy eye he gaz'd,  
And on his Staff himself a little rais'd ;  
When with a tear or two with pity prest,  
From his dry Springs, he welcomes his request.  
He needs not much intreaty to do good,  
But having wash'd his Wounds and stancht the Blood,

He pours in oyle Balsam; fits his clothes,  
And with soft Tents he stops their gaping mouths;  
Then binds them up, and with a chearful look  
Welcomes his thankful Patient, whom he took  
Home with him to his Cell; whose poor out-side  
Promis'd as mean a Lodging; Pomp and Pride  
(Those Peacocks of the time) ne're roosted there,  
Content and lowliness the inmates were.

It was not so contemptible within,  
There was some show of beauty that had been  
Made much of in old time; but now well-nigh  
Worn out with envious time; a curious eye  
Might see some reliques of a piece of Art,  
That *Psyche* made, when Love first fir'd her heart.  
It was the story of her thoughts, which she  
Curiously wrought in lively imagery.

Among the rest, the thought of Jealousie  
Time left untoucht, to grace Antiquity.  
It was decipher'd by a timorous Dame,  
Wrapt in a yellow Mantle lin'd with flame:

Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,  
Her eyes suspicious, wand'ring up and down;  
Behind her, fear attended big with child,  
Able to fright presumption, if she smil'd.  
After her flew a sigh, between two springs  
Of briny water; on her Dove-like wings  
She bore a Letter seal'd with a Half-Moon,  
And superscrib'd, *This from suspicion.*

More than this, churlish time had left no thing  
To shew the piece was *Psyche's* broidering.

Hither *Sylvanus* brings him, and with Cates,  
Such as our wants may buy at easie rates  
He feasts his Guest; hunger and sweet content  
Sucks from course Fare, a courtly nourishment.  
When they had supt, they talk an hour or two,  
And each the other questions how things go.

*Sylvanus* askt him how he came so hurt,

*Anaxus* tells him; and, this sad report

Spins out a long discourse: the Youth enquir'd

What Maids they were he rescu'd, why so tir'd :

What

What Saint it was they worshipt, whence the  
Thieves,

And who that Virgin was, that he conceives  
Was Queen and Sovereign Lady of the rest.

*Sylvanus* willing to content his Guest,

After a little pause, in a grave tone,

Thus courteously reply'd; quoth he, My Son,

To tell a sad relation will, I fear,

Prove but unseasonable; a young ear

Will relish it but harshly; yet since you

Desire so much to hear it, I shall do

My best to answer your desires in all

That Truth hath warranted authentical.

You are not such a stranger to the State,

But you have heard of *Hylas*, who of late

Backt by some Fugitives, with a strong hand,

Wrested the Crown and Scepter of this Land

From the true Owner; this same *Hylas* when

He had what his Ambition aim'd at; then



When he grew wearied with conquering  
His native Countrymen, and as a King  
Sate himself down to tast what fate had dress'd  
And serv'd up to him at a plenteous Feast.

When the lowd clangors of these civil broils  
Were laid aside, and each man view'd the spoils  
He had unjustly gotten, and in peace  
Securely dwelt with idleness and ease ;  
Those Moths that fret, and eat into a State  
Until they render it the scorn of fate.

*Hylas* puffed up with pride, and self-conceit  
Of his own Valour that had made him great,  
In Riot and Lasciviousness he spends  
His precious hours, and through the Kingdom sends  
His pand'ring Parasites to seek out gain,  
To quench th' unmaster'd fury of his flame.  
His Agents were so cunning, many a Maid  
Were to their honors loss subtilly betray'd  
With gifts, and golden promises of that  
Which womanish ambition level'd at,

Greatness and Honor ; but they mist their aim,  
Their hopeful harvest prov'd a crop of shame.

Amongst the many Beauties that his Spies  
Markt out, to offer up a sacrifice

Unto his lust, the beauteous *Florimet*

Was one, whose vertue had no paralel :

She is old *Memnon's* Daughter, who of late  
Was banisht from his Country, and by fate

Driven upon our Coast, and as I guess

He was of *Lemnos* fam'd for healthfulness,

Under this borrow'd name ; for so it was

(Or else my Art doth fail me) he did pass

Unknown to eny, in a Shepherds Weed

He throwds his Honor, now content to feed

A flock of Sheep, that had fed men before.

'Tis no wonder to see goodness poor.

It was his Daughter that the lustful King

Beast-like neigh'd after ; still his flatt'ers sing

Oads of her praise to heighten his desires,

To swim to Pleasure through a Hell of Fires.

The tempting baits were laid, the Nets were spread,  
And gilded o're to catch a Maiden-head ;  
But all in vain, *Eugenia* would not bite,  
Nor sell her honor for a base delight.  
He speaks in Letters a dumb eloquence  
That takes the heart before it reach the sence.  
But they were slighted, Letters that speak sin  
Virtue sends back in scorn : he writes agen,  
And is again repulst, he comes himself  
And desp'rately casts Anchor on the shelf  
Of his own power and greatnes, toles her on  
To come aboard to her destruction :  
But she was deaf unto his Syren Charms,  
Made wisely wary by anothers harms.  
Her strong repulses were like Oyl to fires,  
Strength'ning th' increasing heat of his desires.  
With mild intreats he woes her, and doth swear  
How that his Loves intendments noble were ;  
And if she'd love him, he protests and vows  
To make her *Queen* of all the State he owes.

But she was fix'd, and her resolves so strong,  
She vow'd to meet with death, rather than wrong  
Him unto whom her Maiden Faith was plight;  
And he's no mean one, if my aim hits right.  
When *Hylas* saw no cunning would prevail  
To make her his, his angry looks waxt pale,  
His heart call'd home the blood to feed revenge,  
That there fate plotting to work out his ends.  
At length it hatcht this mischief; *Memnon's* bid  
To chide his Daughters coyness; so he did,  
And she became the bolder, chid his checks,  
And answer'd his injunctions with neglects.  
Whereat the King enrag'd, laid hands upon her,  
And was a dragging her to her dishonour.  
When *Memnon's* Servants at their Mistress cry  
Rusht in and rescu'd her, 'twas time to flie,  
*Hylas* had else met with a just reward  
For his foul lust: he had a slender guard,  
And durst not stand the hazard: *Memnon's* men  
Would have pursu'd, but they came off agen



At *Memnon*'s call : the woful *Florimel*,  
(For so her name was) on the pavement fell,  
Waiting the stroke of Death, life was about  
To leave her had not *Memnon* found her out.  
*Anaxus* all this while gave heedful ear  
To what he spake, and lent him many a tear  
To point out the full stops of his discourse ;  
But that he calls her *Florimel*, the force  
Of his strong passions had persuaded him  
It had been his *Clarinda*, (as in time  
The story makes her ;) spare thy tears my Son  
Said old *Sylvanus* ; so his tale went on.  
These are but sad beginnings of events  
Spun out to sorrows height ; the foul intents  
Of *Hylas* being frustrate, and his fires  
Wanting no fuel to increase desires ;  
He lays a snare to catch his Maiden prize  
By murth'ring her old Father ; and his spies  
Were sent to find his haunt out : *Memnon*, he  
Of old experienc'd in Court policy,

Wifely forecasts th'event, and studies how  
He might prevent his mischiefs e're they grow  
Too ripe, and near at hand to be put by  
By all the art and strength he had ; to dye  
For him that now was old, he nothing car'd,  
Death at no time finds goodness unprepar'd.  
But how he might secure his *Florimel*,  
That thought most troubled him ; he knew full  
well

She was the white was aimed at ; were she sure,  
He made but slight of what he might endure.  
He was but yet a stranger to those friends  
That his true worth had gain'd him, yet h' intends  
To try some one of them ; anon his fears  
And jealous doubts call back those former cares.  
He thinks on many ways for her defence ;  
But except Heav'n finds, none save innocence.  
*Memnon* at last resolves next day to send her  
To *Vestas* Cloyster, and there to commend her

Unto the Virgin Goddesses protection,  
And to that purpose gave her such direction,  
As fitted her to be a Vestal Nun,  
And time seem'd tedious till the deed was done.  
The fatal night before that wisht for day,  
When *Florimel* was to be packt away,  
*Hylas* besets the House with armed men,  
Loth that his Lust should be deceiv'd agen.  
At midnight they brake in, *Memnon* arose,  
And e're he call'd his Servants, in he goes  
Into his Daughters Chamber, and besmeares  
Her Breast and Hands with Blood ; the rest her  
fears

Counsel her to ; each hand took up a knife  
To oppose her foe, or let out her own life,  
If need should be, to save her honor'd name  
From Lusts black fullies, and ne're dying shame.  
*Memnon* then calls his Servants, they arise,  
And wanting light, they make their hands their  
eyes.

Like Sea-men in a Storm about they go,  
At their wits end, not knowing what to do.  
Down a Back Stairs they hurried to the Hall,  
Where the most noise was ; in they venter all,  
And all were suddenly surpriz'd, in vain  
Poor men they struggle to get loose again.  
A very word was punish'd with a Wound,  
Here they might see their aged Master bound,  
And though too weak to make resistance found,  
Wounded almost to death ; his hoary hairs  
Now near half worn away with age and cares,  
Torn from his Head and Beard ; he scorn'd to cry  
Or beg for mercy from their cruelty.  
He far'd the worse because he would not tell ;  
What was become of his fair *Florimel*.  
She heard not this, though she set ope her ears  
To listen to the whispers of her fears.  
Sure had she heard how her good Father far'd,  
Her very cries would have the doors unbar'd,  
To let her out to plead his innocence ;



But he had lockt her up in a close Room,  
Free from suspicion, and 't had been her Tomb,  
Had not the Fates prevented; search was made  
In every corner, and great care was had,  
Lest she should scape; but yet they mist the Lads:  
They sought her every where but where she was.  
Under the Bed there was a Trap-door made,  
That open'd to a Room where *Memnon* laid  
The Treasure and the Jewels which he brought  
From *Lemnos* with him: Round about they sought,  
Under and o're the Bed; in Chests they pry,  
And in each hole where scarce a Cat might lie;  
But could not find the cunning contriv'd door  
That open'd Bed and all: then down they tore  
The painted Hangings, and survey the Walls,  
Yet found no by-way out: Then *Hylas* calls  
To know if they had found her; they reply,  
She was not there: Then with a wrathful eye,  
Looking on *Memnon*; Doating fool (said he)  
Wilt not thou tell me where she is: if she

Be in this house conceal'd, I have a way  
 Shall find her out ; if thou hast mind to pray  
 Be speedy, thou hast not an hour to live.  
 I'll teach thee what it is for to deceive  
 Him that would honor thee: Would shame me  
 rather,

Answered old *Memnon*, and undo a Father,  
 By shaming of his Daughter ; Lustful King,  
 Call you this honor ? death's not such a thing,  
 As can fright *Memnon* ; he and I have met  
 Up to the knees in Blood, and honor'd Sweat,  
 Where his Sythe mow'd down Legions, he and I  
 Are well acquainted ; 'tis no news to die.  
 Do'st thou so brave it (*Hylas* said) I'll try  
 What temper you are made on by and by.  
 Set fire upon the House, since you love death  
 I'll teach you a new way to let our breath.  
 This word strook *Memnon* mute, not that he fear'd  
 Death in what shape soever he appear'd ;

But that his Daughter, whom as yet his care  
Had kept from ravishing, should with him share  
In such a bitter potion; this was that  
Which more than Death afflicted him, that Fate  
Should now exact a double Sacrifice,  
And prove more cruel than his Enemies.  
This strook him to the heart, the House was fir'd,  
And his sad busie thoughts were weinigh tir'd  
With studying what to do: when as a Post  
That had out-rid report, brought news the Coast  
Shin'd full of fired Beacons, how his Lords  
Instead of Sleep betook themselves to Swords.  
How that the Foe was near, and meant e're day  
To make his Court and Treasury their prey.  
How that the Soldiers were at their wits end  
For th' absence of their King, and did intend,  
Unless he did prevent them suddenly,  
To choose a new one. *Hylas* fearfully  
Did entertain this news, calls back his men,  
And through by-paths he steals to Court agen,

Leaving

Leaving the House on fire ; the Thatch was wet,  
And burnt but slowly : *Memnon's* Servants get  
Their Master loose, and with their Teeth unties  
The bloody Cords that binds the Sacrifice,  
That Fate was pleas'd to spare ; they quench the  
fire,

Whilst he runs to his Daughter ; Both admire  
Their little hop'd for wond'rous preservation,  
Praising their Gods with fervent adoration.

Next day he shifts his *Florimel* away  
Unto the Vestal Cloyster, there to stay  
Till he heard how things went, and what success  
Besel the Wars ; his men themselves address,  
At his command to wait upon the Wars,  
To purchase freedom, or by Death, or Scars.

*Memnon* himself keeps home, attended on  
But by a stubbed Boy ; his Daughter gone,  
His fears 'gan lessen : *Hylas* was o'rethrown,  
And bold *Alexis* Conquest gain'd a Crown :



And worthily he wears it ; with his Reign  
Desired Peace stept on the Stage again.  
The Laws were executed, Justice done,  
And civil Order staid Confusion.  
Sloth and her sister Ease were banished,  
And all must labor now to get their bread :  
Yet Peace is not so settled, but we find  
Some work for Swords ; the Foe hath left behind  
Some gleanings of his greater strength, that still  
Commit great out-rages, that rob and kill  
All that they meet with, ravishing chaste Maids  
Both of their Life and Honor ; some such Lads  
Were they that set upon that Virgin crew,  
That were redeem'd so worthily by you.  
A hundred Virgins monthly do frequent  
*Diana's* Temple, where with pure intent  
They tender their Devotions : one is chose  
By lot to be their Queen, to whom each owes  
Her best respect, and for this month I guess  
Their Queen was *Florimel*, now Votares.

*Sylvanus* here brake off; 'twas late, and sleep  
Like Lead hung on their eye lids; heav'n them  
keep.

We'l leave them to their rest a while, and tell  
What to *Thealma* in this space befel.

*Anaxus* had no sooner ta'en his leave  
Of his glad Sister, making her believe  
That he would shortly visit her, when she  
Led forth her Flock to Field more joyfully  
Than she was wont to do; those rosie stains  
That nature wont to lend her from her veins,  
Began t'appear upon her cheeks, and raise  
Her sickly beauty to contend for praise,  
She trickt her self in all her best attire,  
As if she meant this day t'invite desire  
To fall in love with her: her looser hair  
Hung on her shoulders, sporting with the air:  
Her brow a Coronet of Rose-buds crown'd  
With loving Woodbines sweet embraces bound.

Two Globe-like Pearls were pendent to her ears,  
And on her Breast a costly Gem she wears,  
An Adamant in fashion like a heart,  
Whereon Love sate a plucking out a Dart,  
With this same Motto graven round about  
On a gold Border; ; *Sooner in than out.*  
This Gem *Clearchus* gave her, when unknown,  
At Tilt his Valour won her for his own.  
Instead of Bracelets on her Wrists, she wore  
A pair of golden Shackles, chain'd before  
Unto a silver Ring enamel'd Blue,  
Whereon in golden Letters to the view  
This Motto was presented, *Bound yet free.*  
And in a true Loves Knot a *T. and C.*,  
Buckled it fast together; her silk Gown  
Of grassie green, in equal pleits hung down  
Unto the Earth: and as she went the Flowers  
Which she had broider'd on it at spare hours,  
Were wrought so to the life, they seem'd to grow  
In a green Field, and as the Wind did blow,

Sometimes a Lilly, then a Rose takes place,  
And blushing seems to hide it in the Grass:  
And here and there gold Oaes 'mong Pearls she  
strew,  
That seem'd like shining Glowworms in the dew.  
Her sleeves were Tinsel wrought with leaves of  
green,  
In equal distance spangeled between,  
And shadowed over with a thin Lawn cloud,  
Through which her workmanship more graceful  
show'd.  
A silken Scrip and Shepherds Crook she had,  
The badg of her profession; and thus clad,  
*Thealma* leads her milky Drove to Field,  
Proud of so brave a guide: had you beheld  
With what a majesty she trod the ground,  
How sweet she smil'd, and angerly she frown'd:  
You would have thought, it had *Minerva* been,  
Come from high *Jove* to dwell on earth agen.  
The reason why she made her self thus fine  
Was a sweet Dream she had; some poor Divine



Had whisper'd to her soul *Clearchus* liv'd,  
And that he was a King for whom she griev'd:  
She thought she saw old *Hymen* in Loves bands,  
Tie with devotion both their hearts and hands.  
She was a dreaming farther, when her Maid  
Told her the Sun was up: she well appaid  
With what her greedy thoughts had tasted on,  
Quickly gat up; and hurried with her Dream,  
Thus tricks her self, having a mind to seem  
What she would be, but was not; strong conceit  
So wrought upon her; those that are born great  
Have higher thoughts than the low-minded Clown,  
He seldom dreams himself into a Crown.  
*Caretta*, modest girl, she thought it strange,  
And wonder'd greatly at so sudden change;  
But durst not be so bold to ask the cause,  
Obedience had prescrib'd her knowledg Laws:  
And she would not transgress them; yet it made  
Her call to mind what garments once she had,

And when her Father liv'd, how brave she went,  
But humble-minded wench she was content.  
She knew the vanity of Pomp and Pride,  
Which if not pluckt off, must be laid aside  
One day; and to speak truth, she had a mind  
So deckt with rich endowments, that it shin'd  
In all her actions; how so e're she goes,  
Few Maids have such an inside to their cloaths.  
Yet her Dames Love had trickt her up so brave,  
As she thought fit to make her Maid; and gave  
Her such habiliments to set her forth,  
As rather grac'd than stain'd her Mistriss worth.  
They made her ne're the prouder, she was still  
As ready and obedient to her will.  
Thus to the Field *Thealma* and her Maid  
Chearfully went; and, in a friendly shade  
They sate them down to work; the wench had  
brought,  
As her Dame bid, her Lute; and as she wrought,

*Thealma* plaid and sang this chearful Air,  
As if she then would bid adieu to care.

---

## I.

*Fly hence Despair, and Hearts-benumming fears,  
Presume no more to fright  
Me from my quiet rest:  
My budding hopes have wip'd away my tears,  
And fill'd me with delight,  
To cure my wounded breast.*

## II.

*Mount up sad thoughts, that whilom humbly straid  
Upon the lowly plain,  
And fed on nought but grief.  
My angry fate with me is well appaid,  
And smiles on me again,  
To give my heart relief.*

## III.

*Rejoyce, poor heart, forget those wounding woes*

*That rob'd thee of thy peace,*

*And drown'd thee in despair,*

*Still thy strong passions with a sweet repose,*

*To give my soul some ease,*

*And rid me of my care.*

*My thoughts presage by Fortunes frown,*

*I shall climb up unto a Crown.*

---

She had not ended her delicious lay,  
When Cleon and old Rhotus, who that day  
Were journeying to Court, by chance drew near,  
As she was singing, and t' enrich their ear  
They made a stand behind the hedg to hear  
Her sweet soul-melting accents, that so won  
Their best attention, that when she had done,



The Voice had ravish'd so the good old men,  
They wisht in vain she would begin agen ;  
And now they long to see what Goddess 'twas,  
That own'd so sweet a voice, and with such grace  
Chid her sad Woes away : The cause that drew  
*Rhotus* to Court was this ; after a view  
Made by the victor King of all his Peers  
And well deserving men that force or fears  
Had banish'd from their own, and Peace begun  
To smile upon *Arcadia* ; to shun  
The future cavils that his Subjects might  
Make to recover their usurped right :  
He made enquiry what each man possess'd  
During *Lyfander's* Reign, to re-invest  
Them in their honor'd places, and such Lands  
As Tyranny had wrung out of his hands.  
And minding now to gratifie his Friends,  
Like a good Prince he for old *Rhotus* sends ;  
As he to whom he ow'd his Life, and all  
The Honor he had rose to ; at his call

Old *Rhotus* quickly comes, leaving his trade  
To an old Servant whom long custom had  
Wedded to that vocation ; so that he  
Aim'd at no higher honor than to be  
A Master-fisher : *Cleon*, who of late  
As you have heard, came from the *Lemnian* State  
In search of one whose name he yet kept close,  
With *Rhotus* his kind Host to Court he goes,  
And with him his Son *Dorus* : in the way,  
As you have heard, *Thealma* made them stay,  
And not contented to content their ear  
With her sweet Musick, tow'rd her they drew near ;  
And wond'ring at her bravery and her beauty,  
They thought to greet her with a common duty,  
Would ill become them : humbly on their knee  
They tender'd their respect, and Prince-like, she  
Thank'd them with nods : her high thoughts still  
aspire,  
And their low lootings lift them a step higher.

Old *Cleon* ey'd her with such curious heed,  
He thought she might be what she prov'd indeed,

*Thealma*: her rich Gems confirm'd the same,  
For some he knew, yet durst not ask her name.

*Caretta* viewing *Rhotus* (loving wench)

As if instinct had taught her confidence,  
Runs from her Mistress, contradicts all fears,  
And asks him Blessing, speaking in her tears.

Lives then *Caretta*? said he, Yes, quoth she,  
I am *Caretta*, if you'l Father me.

Then Heaven hath heard my Prayers, or thine rather,

It is thy goodness makes me still a Father,  
A thousand times he kiss'd the Girl, whilst she  
Receives them as his Blessings on her knee.

At length he took her up, and to her Dame  
With thanks return'd her: saying, If a blame  
Be due unto your Hand-maids fond neglect  
To do you service, let your Frown reflect

On her poor Father. She, as Children use,  
 Is over-joy'd to find the thing they lose.  
 There needs no such apology, kind Sir,  
 Answer'd *Thealma*, duty bindeth her  
 More strictly to th'obedience of a Father,  
 Than of a Mistress ; I commend her rather  
 For tend'ring what she ow'd so willingly ;  
 Believ't I love her for it, she and I  
 Have drank sufficiently of sorrows cup,  
 And were content sometimes to Dine and Sup  
 With the sad story of our woes ; poor cates  
 To feed on ; yet we bought them at dear rates :  
 Many a tear they cost us : you are blest  
 In finding of a Daughter, and the best  
 Though you may think I flatter) that e're liv'd  
 To gl'ad a Father ; as with her I griev'd  
 For his supposed loss, so being found  
 cannot but rejoyce with her ; the wound  
 Which you have cur'd in her, gives ease to mine,  
 And I find comfort in her Medicine.



I had a Father, but I lost him too,  
And wilfully; my Girl, so didst not thou;  
Nor can I hope to find him, but in wrath  
I lost his love in keeping of my Faith.  
She would have spoken more, but sighs and tears  
Brake from their prison to revive her fears.  
*Cleon*, altho he knew her by her speech,  
And by some Jewels which she wore, too rich  
For any Shepherdes to wear, forbore  
To interrupt her; he so lov'd to hear  
Her speak, whom he so oft had heard was drown'd,  
And still, good man, he kneel'd upon the ground,  
And wept for joy. Why do you kneel, said she,  
Am I a Saint, what do you see in me  
To merit such respects? pray rise, 'tis I  
That owe a reverence to such gravity,  
That kneeling better would become, I know  
No worth in me to ~~worl~~ you down so low.  
Yes, gracious Madam, what I pay is due  
To none, for ought I know, so much as you.

Is

Is not your name *Thealma* ? hath your eye  
Ne'er seen this face at *Lemnos*, I can spy  
Ev'n through those clouds of grief, the stamp of  
him

That once I call'd my Sovereign; age and time  
Hath brought him to his Grave, that bed of dust,  
Where when our night is come, sleep we all must.

Yet in despite of Death his honor'd name  
Lives, and will ever in the vote of Fame.

Death works but on corruption, things Divine,  
Cleans'd from the dross about them, brighter shine:

So doth his Virtues. What was earth is gone,

His heavenly part is left to crown his Son,

If I could find him. You may well conceive

At his sad tale what cause she had to grieve ;

Reply she could not, but in sighs and tears,

Yet to his killing language lent her ears :

And had not grief enforc'd him make a pause

She had been silent still ; she had most cause

To wail her Fathers loss : Oh unkind Fate,  
Reply'd *Thealma* ; it is now too late  
To wish I'd not offended ; cruel love  
To force me to offend, and not to prove  
So kind to let him live to punish her,  
Whose fault, I fear me, was his murtherer.  
O my *Clearchus*, 'twas through thee I fell  
From a Childs duty ; yet I do not well  
To blame thee for it, sweetly may'st thou sleep,  
Thou and thy faults lie buried in the deep,  
And I'll not rake them up : ye partial powers,  
To number out to me so many hours,  
And punish him so soon ; why do I live ?  
Can there be hope that Spirits can forgive ?  
Yes gracious Madam, his departing Soul  
Seal'd up your Pardon with a Prayer t'enroul  
Amongst his honor'd Acts, left you his Blessing,  
And call'd it love, which you do stile transgressing,  
Left you a Dowry worthy a lov'd Child,  
With whom he willingly was reconcil'd.

Take comfort then ; Kings are but men, and they  
As well as poor men must return to Clay.  
With that she op't the flood-gates of her eyes,  
And offer'd up a wealthy sacrifice  
Of thankful tears, to expiate her crimes,  
And drown their memory, lest after times  
Might blab them to the world. *Rhotus* gave ear  
To all that past, and lent her many a tear:  
The Alms that sweet compassion bestows  
On a poor heart that wants to cure its woes.  
*Caretta* melted too, though she had found  
What her poor Mistress griev'd at, all drank round  
Of the same briny cup. *Rhotus* at last  
'Gan thus to comfort her : Madam, tho hast  
To obey my Sovereigns command would fit  
The Duty of a Subject better ; yet  
I will incur the hazard of his frown  
To do you service ; Glory and Renown  
The mark the noble Spirits still aim at  
To crown their Virtues, did so animate.



*Alexis* our new Sovereign, once my guest  
(And glad he was to be so) that his Breast  
Full of high thoughts, could relish no content  
In a poor Cottage. One day as he went  
With me unto our Annual Games, where he  
Puts in for one to try the mastery,  
And from them all came off a Victor, so  
That all admir'd him ; on him they bestow  
The Wreath of Conquest ; at that time this State  
Was govern'd by a Tyrant, one that Fate  
Thrust in to scourge the peoples wickedness,  
That had abus'd the blessing of their peace,  
As he abus'd his honor, which he gain'd  
By cruel usurpation ; for he reign'd  
More like a Beast than Man ; Fortune at length  
Grew weary of him too ; weak'ning his strength  
By wantoning his people, without Law  
Or Exercise to keep their minds in awe.  
Which the exil'd Nobility perceiving,  
Took heart again, some new strong hope conceiving  
Through

Through th' enemies neglect, to regain that  
Which formerly they lost ; so it pleas'd Fate  
To change the scene : most of the noble Youth  
The former War consum'd, and to speak truth,  
Unless some few old men, there was left none  
Worthy to be a Leader; all was gone ;  
Wherefore when they had seen what he could do,  
And by that guess'd, what he durst undergo  
(If they were put to't) they *Alexis* chose  
To lead their War-like Troops against their Foes.  
His Valour spake him noble, and's behaviour  
Was such as won upon the Peoples Favour ;  
His speech so powerful, that the hearer thought  
All his Intreats Commands: so much it wrought  
Upon their awful minds ; this new-come Stranger  
They chose to be their Shield 'twixt them and dan-  
ger ;  
And he deceived not th' expectation  
They fixt upon him : *Hylas* was o'rethrown,

And he return'd in triumph : Joy was now  
*Arcadias* Theme ; and all Oblations vow  
 To their Protector *Mars*: to quite him then,  
 They choose him King, the wonderment of men.  
 'Twas much, yet what they gave was not their own,  
 They ow'd him for it ; what they gave he won,  
 And won it bravely. When this Youth I found  
 Hanging upon the craggy Rock half drown'd,  
 I little dreamt that he should mount so high  
 As to a Crown ; yet such a Majesty  
 Shin'd on his look sometimes, as shew'd a mind  
 Too great to be, to a low state confin'd :  
 Tho while he liv'd with me, such fullen clouds  
 Of grief hung on his brow, and such sad floods  
 Rather than briny tears, stream'd from his eyes,  
 As made him seem a man of miseries.  
 And often as he was alone, I heard him  
 Sigh out *Thealma* ; I as often hear'd him.  
 May not this be the man you grieve for so,  
 Your name's *Thealma*, and for ought I know,

He may not be *Alexis* ; perhaps fear  
Borrow'd that nick-name, to conceal him here.  
Take comfort, Madam, on my life 'tis he,  
If my conjecture fail me not, then be  
Not so dejected till the truth be tri'd :  
And that shall be my charge, *Cleon* reply'd ;  
Thanks noble *Rhotus*, this discovery  
Binds me to thee for ever : thou and I  
Will to the Court ; could I *Anaxus* find  
My work were ended ; if Fate prove so kind,  
I hope a comical event shall crown  
These tragical beginnings ; do not drown  
Your hopes (sweet Madam) that I so would fain  
Live to your comfort, when we meet again,  
Which will be speedily ; the news we bring  
I trust shall be *Clearchus* is a King.  
Most noble *Cleon*, thanks ; may it prove so  
Answer'd *Thealma* ; yet before you go,  
Take this same Jewel, this *Clearchus* gave me  
When first I did consent that he should have me :  
And



And if he still do love, as is a doubt,  
For he ne'r hath a power to work Love out.  
By this you shall discover who he is,  
If Fortune have assign'd me such a bliss  
As once more to be his, she makes amends  
For all my sorrow; but if she intends  
Still to afflict me, I can suffer still,  
And tire her cruelty, though't be to kill:  
I have a patience that she cannot wrong  
With all her flatteries; a heart too strong  
To shake at such a weak artillery,  
As is her frowns: no *Cleon*, I dare die,  
And could I meet Death nobly I would so,  
Rather than be her scorn, and take up woe  
At interest to enrich her power, that grows  
Greater by grieving at our overthrows.  
No *Cleon*, I can be as well content  
With my poor Cot, this woolly regiment,  
As with a Palace; or to govern men;  
And I can Queen it when time serves agen.

Go, and my hopes go with you ; if stern Fate  
Bid you return with news to mend my state,  
I'll welcome it with thanks ; if not, I know  
The worst on't, *Cleon*, I am now as low  
As she can throw me. Thus resolv'd, they leave her,  
And to the Court the two Lords wend together,  
Leaving young *Dorus*, *Cleons* Son behind  
To wait upon *Thealma* ; Love was kind  
In that to fair *Caretta*, that till now  
Ne're felt what passion meant, yet knew not how  
To vent it but with blushes ; modest shame  
Forbad it yet to grow into a flame.  
Love works by time, and time will make her bol-  
der,  
Talk warms desire, when absence makes it colder.  
Home now *Thealma* wends 'twixt hope and fear,  
Sometimes she smiles, anon she drops a tear  
That stole along her cheeks, and falling down  
Into a pearl, it freezeth with her frown.

The Sun was set before she reacht the Fold,  
And sparkling Vesper nights approach has told,  
She left the Lovers to enfold her Sheep,  
And in she went, resolv'd to sup with sleep :  
If thought would give her leave, unto her rest  
We leave her for a while, *Sylvanus* guest  
You know we lately left under his cure,  
And now it is high time my Muse to lewre  
From her too tedious weary flight, and tell  
What to *Anaxus* that brave Youth befel.  
Let's pause a while, she'l make the better flight,  
The following lines shall feed your appetite.

Bright *Cynthia* twice her silver horns had  
chang'd,  
And through the Zodiacks twelve signs had rang'd,  
Before *Anaxus* wounds were thoroughly well,  
In the mean while *Sylvanus* 'gan to tell  
Him of his future fortune; for he knew  
From what sad cause his minds distempers grew.

He had ylearn't as you have heard while e're,  
The art of wise Soothsaying, and could clear  
The doubts that puzzle the strong working brain,  
And make the intricat'ft anigmas plain :  
His younger years in *Ægypt* Schools he spent,  
From whence he suckt this knowledg ; not content  
With what the common Sciences could teach,  
Those were too shallow springs for his deep reach,  
That aim'd at Learnings utmost : that hid skill  
That out-doth nature, hence he suckt his fill  
Of Divine knowledg : 'twas not all inspir'd,  
It cost some pains that made him so admir'd.  
He told him what he was, what Country Air  
He first drew in, what his intendments were ;  
How 'twas for love, he left his native Soil  
To tread upon *Arcadia*, and with toil  
Sought what he must not have, a lovely Dame  
But art went not so far to tell her name.  
Heav'n that doth controul Art, would not reveal it,  
Or if it did he wisely did conceal it.

He



He told him of his Fathers death, and that  
The State had lately sent for him, whereat  
*Anaxus* starting; Stay old man (quoth he)  
I'll hear no more; thy cruel Augury  
Wounds me at heart, can thy Art cure that wound?  
*Sylvanus* : No, no Medicine is found  
In humane skill to cure that tender part,  
When the Soul's pain'd, it finds no help of Art :  
Yet Sir (said he) Art may have power to ease,  
Though not to cure the sick Souls maladies.  
And though my sadder news distast your ear,  
'Tis such as I must tell, and you must hear.  
I know y' are sent for, strict enquiry's made  
Through all *Arcadia* for you; plots are laid  
(By some that wish not well unto the State)  
How to deprive you of a Crown; but Fate  
Is pleas'd not so to have it, and by me  
Chalks out a way for you to Sovereignty.  
I say agen, she whom you love, the true  
And spotless constant, must not marry you.

One you call Sister, to divide the strife,  
Fate hath decreed, must be your Queen and Wife.  
Hie to th' *Arcadian* Court, what there you hear  
Perhaps may trouble you ; but do not fear,  
All shall be well at length, the bless'd event  
Shall crown your wishes with a sweet content.  
Enquire no farther, I must tell no more,  
Here Fate sets limits to my Art : before  
You have gone half a League, under a Beech  
You'l find your man enquiring of a *Witch*  
What is become of you ? the Beldame's lie,  
And will allure by her strange subtilty  
The strongest Faith to error ; have a care  
She tempt you not to fall in love with Air.  
She'l shew you Wonders ; you shall see and hear  
That which shall rarely please both eye and ear.  
But be not won to wantonness, but shun  
All her enticements : credit not, my Son,  
That what you see is real ; Son be wise,  
And set a watch before thy ears and eyes.

She loves thee not, and will work all she can  
To give thy Crown unto another man.

But fear not, there's a pow'r above her skill  
Will have it otherwise, do what she will.

But Fate thinks fit to try thy constancy,  
Then arm thy self against her Sorcery.

Take this same Herb, and if thy strength begin  
To fail at any time, and lean to sin,

Smell to't, and wipe thine eyes therewith, that  
shall

Quicken thy duller sight to dislike all,

And re-inforce thy reason to oppose

All her temptations, and fantastick shows.

Farewel *Anaxus*, hie to Court, my Son,

Or I'll be there before thee! 'Twas high noon,

When after many thanks to his kind Host,

*Anaxus* took his leave, and quickly lost

The way he was directed; on he went

As his Fate led him, full of hardement.

Down in a gloomy valley thick with shade,  
Which too aspiring hanging Rocks had made,  
That shut out day and barr'd the glorious Sun  
From prying into th' actions there done;  
Set full of Bôx, and Cypress, Poplar, Yew,  
And hateful Elder that in Thickets grew,  
Amongst whose Boughs the Scritch-owl and Night-  
crow,

Sadly recount their Prophecies of woe,  
Where leather-winged Batts, that hate the light  
Fan the thick Air, more sooty than the night.  
The ground o're-grown with Weeds, and bushy  
Shrubs,

Where milky Hedg-hogs nurse their prickly Cubs:  
And here and there a Mandrake grows, that strikes  
The hearers dead with their loud fatal shrieks;  
Under whose spreading leaves the ugly Toad,  
The Adder, and the Snake make their abode.  
Here dwelt *Orandra*, so the Witch was hight,  
And thither had she toald him by a flight:



She knew *Anaxus* was to go to Court,  
And envying Virtue, she made it her sport,  
To hinder him, sending her airy Spies  
Forth with Delusions to entrap his Eyes,  
And captivate his Ear with various Tones,  
Sometimes of Joy, and otherwhiles of Mones:  
Sometimes he hears delicious sweet lays  
Wrought with such curious descant as would raise  
Attention in a Stone: anon a groan  
Reacheth his Ear, as if it came from one  
That crav'd his help; and by and by he spies  
A beauteous Virgin with such catching Eyes,  
As would have fir'd a Hermits chill desires  
Into a flame; his greedy eye admires  
The more than human beauty of her Face,  
And much ado he had to shun the grace  
Conceit had shap'd her out: so like his Love,  
That he was once about in vain to prove,  
Whether 'twas his *Clarinda*, yea, or no,  
But he bethought him of his Herb, and so

The Shadow vanish'd, many a weary step  
It led the Prince that pace with it still kept,  
Until it brought him by a hellish power  
Unto the entrance of *Orandras* Bower,  
Where underneath an Elder Tree he spied  
His man *Pandevius* pale and hollow-eyed ;  
Enquiring of the cunning *Witch* what fate  
Betid his Master ; they were newly fate  
When his approach disturb'd them ; up she rose,  
And tow'rd *Anaxus* (envious Hag) she goes ;  
*Pandevius* she had charm'd into a maze,  
And strook him mute, all he could do was gaze.  
He call'd him by his name, but all in vain,  
Eccho returns *Pandevius* back again ;  
Which made him wonder, when a sudden fear  
Shook all his joynts : the cunning Hag drew near,  
And smelling to his Herb, he recollects  
His wandring Spirits, and with anger checks  
His coward Fears ; resolv'd now to out-dare  
The worst of Dangers, whatsoe're they were,

He ey'd her o're and o're, and still his eye  
Found some addition to deformity.  
An old decrepid Hag, she was grown white  
With frosty Age, and withered with Despight  
And self-consuming Hate ; in Furrs yelad,  
And on her Head a thrummy Cap she had.  
Her knotty Locks like to *Alecto's* Snakes  
Hang down about her shoulders, which she shakes  
Into disorder ; on her furrow'd Brow  
One might perceive time had been long at plough,  
Her Eyes like Candle-snuffs by age sunk quite  
Into their Sockets, yet like Cats-eyes, bright :  
And in the darkest night like fire they shin'd,  
The ever-open windows of her mind.  
Her swarthy cheeks Time, that all things consumes,  
Had hollowed flat unto her Toothless Gums.  
Her hairy Brows did meet above her Nose,  
That like an Eagles Beak so crooked grows,  
It well nigh kiss'd her Chin ; thick bristled Hair  
Grew on her upper Lip, and here and there

A rugged Wart with grisly Hairs behung,  
Her Breasts shrunk up, her Nails and Fingers long,  
Her left lent on a staff, in her right hand  
She always carried her enchanting Wand.  
Splay-footed, beyond Nature, every part  
So patternless deform'd, 'twould puzzle Art  
To make her counterfeit; only her Tongue  
Nature had that most exquisitely strung.  
Her oyley Language came so smoothly from her,  
And her quaint action did so well become her,  
Her winning Rhetorick met with no trips,  
But chain'd the dull'st attention to her lips.  
With greediness he heard, and tho he strove  
To shake her off, the more her words did move.  
She woo'd him to her Cell, call'd him her Son,  
And with fair promises she quickly won  
Him to her beck; or rather he to try  
What she could do, did willingly comply  
With her request; into her Cell he goes,  
And with his Herb he rubs his Eyes and Nose.



His man stood like an image still, and star'd  
As if some fearful prodigy had scar'd  
Life from its earthy mansion; but she soon  
Unloos'd the Charms, and after them he run.  
Her Cell was hewn out in the Marble Rock,  
By more than human Art; she need not knock,  
The door stood always open, large and wide,  
Grown o're with woolly Moss on either side,  
And interwove with Ivies flatt'ring twines,  
Thro which the Carbuncle and Di'mond shines;  
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown  
At the Worlds Birth, so Star-like bright they shone.  
They serv'd instead of Tapers to give light  
To the dark entry, where perpetual Night,  
Friend to black Deeds, and Sire of Ignorance  
Shuts out all knowledg; lest her Eye by chance  
Might bring to light her Follies: in they went,  
The ground was strow'd with Flowers, whose sweet  
    scent

Mixt with the choice Perfumes from *India* brought,  
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught  
His credulous sense; the Walls were gilt and set  
With Precious Stones, and all the Roof was fret  
With a gold Vine, whose stragling branches spread  
All o're the Arch; the swelling Grapes were red;  
This Art had made of Rubies cluster'd so,  
To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to grow.  
About the Walls lascivious Pictures hung,  
Such as whereof loose *Ovid* sometimes sung.  
On either side a crew of dwarfish Elves,  
Held waxen Tapers taller than themselves:  
Yet so well shap'd unto their little stature,  
So Angel-like in face, so sweet in feature.  
Their rich attire so differing; yet so well  
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell  
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest deckt.  
Or which of them Desire would soon'st affect,  
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,  
And circle in the Stranger in a Ring.

*Orandra* to her Charms was stept aside,  
Leaving her guest half won, and wanton-ey'd.  
He had forgot his Herb: cunning delight  
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,  
And captivated all his senses so,  
That he was not himself; nor did he know  
What place he was in, or how he came there,  
But greedily he feeds his Eye and Ear  
With what would ruine him; but that kind Fate  
That contradicts all power subordinate,  
Prevented Arts intents; a filly flie  
(As there were many) light into his eye,  
And forc'd a tear to drown her self, when he  
Impatient that he could not so well see,  
Lifts up his hand wherein the Herb he held,  
To wipe away the moisture that distill'd  
From his still smarting eye; he smelt the scent  
Of the strong Herb, and so incontinent  
Recovered his stray'd Wit: his Eyes were clear'd,  
And now he lik'd not what he saw or heard.

This knew *Orandra* well; and plots anew  
 How to entrap him: next unto his view  
 She represents a Banquet usher'd in  
 By such a shape, as she was sure would win  
 His appetite to taste; so like she was,  
 To his *Clarinda* both in shape and face.  
 So voic'd, so habited, of the same gate  
 And comely gesture; on her Brow in state  
 Sate such a Princely Majesty, as he  
 Had noted in *Clarinda*; save that she  
 Had a more wanton eye, that here and there  
 Rowl'd up and down, not settling any where.  
 Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,  
 And with her tears bedews it; cold as Ice  
 He felt her Lips, that yet, inflam'd him so,  
 That he was all on fire the truth to know,  
 Whether she was the same she did appear,  
 Or whether some fantastick form it were,  
 Fashioned in his imagination  
 By his still working thoughts; so fix'd upon



His lov'd *Clarinda*, that his fancy strove  
Even with her shadow to express his love.  
He took her up, and was about to 'quite  
Her Tears with Kisses, when to clear his sight  
He wipes his Eyes, and with his Herb of Grace  
Smooths his rough Lip to kiss with greater grace:  
So the Herbs virtue stole into his Brain,  
And kept him off; hardly did he refrain  
From sucking in Destruction from her Lip,  
(Sins Cup will poison at the smallest sip,)  
She weeps, and wooes again with subtleness,  
And with a Frown she chides his backwardness.  
Have you so soon (sweet Prince said she) forgot  
Your own belov'd *Clarinda*? are you not  
The same you were, that you so slightly set  
By her that once you made the Cabinet  
Of your choice Counsel? hath my constant heart  
(As Innocence unspotted) no desert,  
To keep me yours? or hath some worthier Love  
Stole your Affections? what is it should move

You to dislike so soon? must I still taste  
 No other Dish but Sorrow? when we last  
 Emptied our Souls into each others Breast  
 It was not so, *Anaxus*, or at least  
 I thought you meant what then you promis'd me.  
 With that she wept afresh; Are you then she,  
 Answer'd *Anaxus*, doth *Clarinda* live?  
 Just thus she spake, how fain I would believe!  
 With that she seem'd to fall into a swoond,  
 And stooping down to raise her from the ground,  
 That he might use both hands to make more haste,  
 He puts his Herb into his Mouth, whose taste  
 Soon chang'd his mind: He lifts her, but in vain  
 His hands fell off, and she fell down again.  
 With that she lent him such a frown as would  
 Have kill'd a common Lover, and made cold  
 Ev'n lust it self: *Orandra* fumes and frets,  
 And stamping bites the lip to see her Nets  
 So long a catching Souls: once more she looks  
 Into the secrets of her hellish Books.

She

She bares her Breast, and gives her Spirit suck,  
And drinks a Cup in hope of better luck.  
*Anaxus* still the Airy Shadow ey'd,  
Which he thought dead, conceit the truth bely'd,  
This cunning failing, out she drew a knife,  
And as if she had meant to let out life,  
In passion aim'd it at her Breast, and said  
Farewel *Anaxus*; but her hand he staid,  
And from her wrung her knife: Art thou, said he,  
*Clarinda* then? and kiss'd her: can it be,  
That Fate so loves *Anaxus*? still with Tears  
She answered him, and more divine appears.  
His Herb was now forgot, lust had stoln in  
With a loose kiss, and tempted him to sin.  
A Bed was near, and she seem'd sick and faint:  
(Women to *Cupid's* sport, need no constraint.)  
Down on the Bed she threw her self, and turn'd  
Her blushing Beauty from him; still he burn'd,  
And with intreaties her seeming coyness woo'd  
To meet with his Embraces, and bestow'd

Vollies of Kisses on her icy Cheek,  
That wrangled with their fire: she would not speak,  
But sigh'd and sob'd, that bellows of desire  
Into a flame had quickly blown his fire.  
Now did *Orandra* laugh within her sleeve,  
Thinking all was cocksure, one might perceive  
Ev'n in that wither'd Hag, an amorous look,  
Twas for her self she train'd him to her hook.  
Softly she steals unto the Bed, and peeps  
Berwixt the Curtains, nearer then she creeps,  
And to her Spirit whispers her command:  
With that the Spirit seem'd to kiss his hand,  
Which stew'd him into sweat; a cloth she wants  
To wipe his face, and his inflam'd heart pants  
Beyond its usual temper for some air,  
To cool the passions that lay boiling there.  
Out of his Bosom where his Nofegay was,  
He draws a Napkin, so it came to pass  
In plucking of it out, the Nofegay fell  
Upon her face; when with a countenance fell,

She



She started from him, curst him, and with threats  
Leap'd from the Bed, *Orandra* stamps and frets,  
And bit her lip; she knew the cause full well  
Why her Charms fail'd her, but yet could not tell  
With all her art, how she might get from him  
That Sovereign Herb: for rough it she durst not,  
And at this time *Anaxus* had forgot  
The virtue of it, as in a maze he lay  
At her soon starting from him; Cast away,  
Said she, that stinking Nofegay: with that he  
Bethinks of it; but it was well that she  
Put him in mind on't; it had else been lost,  
He little knew how much that Nofegay cost.  
He seeks for't, finds it, smells to't, and by it  
Turns out his lust, and reassumes his wit.  
No Hag, said he, if this do vex thee so,  
I'll make thee glad to smell to't e're I go.  
With that he leaps unto her cursing ripe,  
And with his Herb the *Witches* face did wipe.

Whereat she fell to th' earth, the lights went out,  
And darkness hung the Chamber round about.  
A hellish yelling noise was each where heard,  
Sounds that would make ev'n Valors self afraid  
A stifling scent of Brimstone he might smell,  
Such as the damned Souls suck in in Hell.  
He kept his powerful Herb still at his Nose,  
And tow'rd the entry of the Room he goes.  
For tho 'twas more than midnight dark, yet he  
Found the way out again. *Orrandra* she  
Threw curses after him, and he might hear  
Her often say, I'll fit you for this gear.  
At the Caves mouth he found his careless man,  
Wrapt in the Witches charms; do what he can  
He could not wake him, such sweet lullabies  
Pleasure sang to him, till he rub'd his eyes  
With his rare Herb; then starting up he leaps  
For joy to see his Master, that accepts

His love with thanks; from thence they make no  
haste,

Yet where they were they knew not; at the last  
They came into a Plain, where a small Brook  
Did Snake-like creep with many a winding nook,  
And by it here and there a Shepherds Cot  
Was lowly built, to one of them they got  
T'enquire the way to Court: now night drew on,  
It was a good old man they lighted on,  
Height *Eubolus*, of no mean Parentage,  
But courtly educated, wise and sage,  
Able to teach, yet willing to enrich  
His knowledg with discourses, smooth in speech,  
Yet not of many words; he entertains  
Them with desire, nor spares for any pains  
To amplify a welcome: with their Host  
A while we leave them, now my muse must post  
Unto *Alexis* Court; lend me I pray  
Yonr gentle aid to guide her on the way.

*Alexis* after many civil broils

Against his Rebel Subjects, rich in spoils,

Being settled in his Throne in restful peace,

The Laws establish'd (and his peoples ease

Proclaim'd) he 'gan to call into his mind

The fore-past times; and soon his thoughts did find

Matter to work on: First, *Thealma* now

Came to remembrance, where, and when, and how

He won, and lost her; this sad thought did so

Afflict his mind; that he was soon brought low

Into so deep a melancholy, that

He minded nothing else: nor ear'd he what

Became of State Affairs, and tho a King,

With pleasure he enjoy'd not any thing.

His Sleep goes from him; Meats and Drinks he  
loaths,

And to his sadder Thoughts he suits his Cloaths,

Mirth seem'd a Disease, good counsel Folly,

Unless it serv'd to humor Melancholy.



All his delight, if one may ~~may~~ call't delight,  
Was to find Turtles that both day and night  
Mourn'd up and down his Chamber, and with  
groans

His Heart consented to their hollow moans,  
Then with his Tears the briny Drink they drank,  
He would bedew them: while his love to thank,  
They nestle in his Bosom, where, poor Birds,  
With piteous mournful tones, instead of words  
They seem'd to moan their Master: thus did he  
Spend his sad hours; and what the cause might be,  
His Nobles could not guess, nor would he tell;  
For Turtle-like he lov'd his griefs too well,  
To let them leave his Breast, he kept them in,  
And inwardly they spake to none but him.  
Thus was it with him more than half a year,  
Till a new bus'ness had set ope his ear  
To entertain advice: the first that brake  
The matter to him, or that durst to speak

Unto the King, was bold *Anaxocles*,  
One that bent all his study for the peace  
And safety of his Country; the right hand  
Of the *Arcadian* State, to whose command  
Was given the Cities Citadel: a place  
Of chiefeft trust, and this the bus'ness was.  
The Rebels, as you heard, being driven hence,  
Despairing e're to expiate their offence  
By a too late submission, fled to Sea  
In such poor Barks as they could get, where they  
Rom'd up and down which way the winds did  
please,  
Without, or Chard, or Compass: the rough Seas  
Enrag'd with such a load of wickedness,  
Grew big with Billows, great was their distress;  
Yet was their courage greater; desperate men  
Grow valianter by suffering: in their ken  
Was a small Island; thitherward they steer  
Their weather-beaten Barks, each plies his geer;

Some Row, some Pump, some trim the ragged Sails,

All were employ'd, and industry prevails.

They reach the Land at length, their Food grows  
scant,

And now they purvey to supply their want.

The Island was but small, yet full of Fruits,

That sprang by Nature, as Potato-Roots,

Rice, Figs, and Almonds, with a many more,

Till now unpeopled: on this happy Shore.

With joy they bring their Barks, of which the best

They Rig anew, with Tackling from the rest.

Some fix or seven they serviceable made,

They stand not long to study where to Trade:

Revenge prompts that unto them; Piracy

Was the first thing they thought on, and their Eye

Was chiefly on the *Arcadian* Shore, that lay

But three Leagues off: their Theft is not by day

So much as night, unless some stragling Ship

Lights in their trap by chance: closely they keep

Themselves in Rocky Creeks, till Sun be down  
And all abed, then steal they to some Town  
Or scatt'ring Village; which they fire, and take  
What Spoils they find, then to their Ship they  
make,  
And none knew who did harm them; many a night  
Had they us'd this free-booting: many a fright  
And great hearts-grieving loss the unarm'd poor  
Were night'ly put to; and to cure this sore  
The old man rous'd the King *Alexis*, chiding  
His needless sorrow: told him that he did  
Not like a man, much less like one whose hearty  
Strengthens the Sinews of a Common-wealth.  
He lays his Peoples Grievances before him,  
And told him how with tears they did implore him  
To right their wrongs: at first *Alexis* frown'd,  
And in an angry cloud his looks were drown'd.  
A sign of Rain or Thunder; 'twas but Rain,  
Some few drops fell, and the Sun shone again.



*Alexis* rising, thanks his prudent care,  
And, as his Father lov'd him; all prepare  
To'upnest these Pyrates: Ships were ready made,  
And some Land-Forces; as well to invade,  
As for Defence: the Pyrates now were strong,  
By Discontents that to their Party throng,  
Not so much friend to the late Tyrant King,  
As thirsting after Novelty, the thing  
That tickles the rude Vulgar: one strong Hold  
The cunning Foe had gain'd, and grew so bold  
To dare all opposition; night and day  
They spoil the Country, make weak Towns their  
prey;  
And those that will not joyn with them they kill,  
Not sparing Sex, nor Age, proud of their ill  
By their rich Booties: Against these the King  
Makes both by Sea and Land; 'twas now Spring,  
And *Flora* had embroidered all the Meads  
With sweet variety, forth the King leads

A chosen Troop of Horse, with some few Foot,  
But those experienc'd men, that would stand to't  
If any need were ; to the Sea he sends  
*Anaxocles*, and to his care commends  
His Marine Forces, he was bold and wise,  
And had been custom'd to the Sea-mans guise.  
He gave it out that he was bound for *Thrace*  
To fetch a Princely Lady thence, that was  
To be th' *Arcadian Queen*, which made the Foe  
The more secure and careless: forth they go  
Assur'd of Victory, and prosperous Gales,  
As fate would have't, had quickly fill'd their Sails:  
The Pyrates Rendezvous was soon discover'd  
By scouting Pinnaces, that closely hover'd  
Under the lee of a high Promontory,  
That stretcht into the Sea ; and now, days glory,  
Nights Sable Curtains had eclips'd, the time  
When Robbers use to perpetrate a Crime.  
The Pyrates steal abroad, and by good hap,  
Without suspect they fell into the Trap

*Anaxocles* had laid ; for wisely he  
 Divides his Fleet in Squadrons, which might be  
 Ready on all sides: every Squadron had  
 Four Ships well man'd, that where e're the Foe  
 made,

He might be met with, one kept near the shore,  
 Two kept at Sea, the other Squadron bore  
 Up tow'rd the Isle, yet with a weeling course,  
 Not so far distant ; but the whole Fleets force  
 Might quickly be united if need were.

Between these come the Pyrates without fear,  
 Making tow'rds th' Arcadian shore, where soon  
 Th' Arcadians met them ; now the Fight begun,  
 And it was hot, the Foe was three to one :

And some big Ships *Anaxocles* alone  
 Gave the first on-set, *Cynthia* then shone bright,  
 And now the Foe perceives with whom they fight.  
 And they fought stoutly, scorning that so few  
 Should hold them tack so long ; then nearer drew

The two side Squadrons, and were within shot  
 Before they sp'd them, now the Fight grew hot  
 Despair put Valor to the angry Foe,  
 And bravely they stand to't, give many a blow  
 Three Ships of theirs were sunk at last, and then  
 They seek to fly with their life agen,  
 When the fourth Squadron met them, and afresh  
 Set on them, half o'recome with wearin's  
 Yet yield they would not, but still fought on;  
 By this the other Ships were come about,  
 And hemm'd them in; whetted seeing no hope left,  
 Whom what the Sword did not execute for  
 Leap'd in the Sea and drown'd them; that small  
 force  
 They'd left within the Isle far'd rather worse  
 Than better; all were put to th' Sword,  
 And their Nest fir'd; much Booty brought aboard,  
 With store of Corn, and much Munition  
 For War; thus glad of what was done,  
 The Fleet with joy returns, the like success



*Alexis* had by Land, at unawares  
Surprising their chief Fort: some lucky Stars  
Lending their helpful influence that night;  
Yet for the time it was a bloody Fight.  
At length the fainting Foe gave back, and fled  
Out of a Postern-gate with fear half dead,  
And thinking in the Port to meet their Fleet,  
They met with Death; an ambush did them greet  
With such a furious shock, that all were slain,  
Only some stragling cowards did remain,  
That hid themselves in Bushes which next day  
The Soldiers found, and made their lives a prey  
Unto their Killing anger: home the King  
Returns in triumph, whilst *Pans* Priests do sing  
Harmonious Odes in honor of that day,  
And dainty Nymphs with Flowers strew'd the way:  
Among the which he spy'd a beauteous Maid,  
Of a majestick count'nance, and aray'd  
After so new a manner, that his eye  
Impt with delight upon her, and to try

Whether her Mind did answer to her Face,  
He call'd her to him, when with modest grace  
She fearless came, and humbly on her knee  
Wish'd a long life unto his Majesty.  
He ask'd her name; she answer'd *Florimel*,  
And blushing made her Beauty so excel,  
That all the thoughts of his *Thealma* now  
Were hush'd and smothered; upon her Brow  
Sate such an awful Majesty, that he  
Was conquer'd ere oppos'd; 'twas strange to see  
How strangely he was altered: still she kneels,  
And still his heart burns with the fire it feels.  
At last the victor pris'ner caught with Love,  
Lights from his Chariot, and begins to prove  
The sweetness of the bait that took his heart,  
And with a Kiss uprears her: yet Loves Dart  
Fir'd not her Breast to welcom his Affection,  
Only hot Sunny Beams with their reflection  
A little warm'd her; then he questions who  
Her Parents were, and why apparel'd so.

Where

Where was her dwelling, in what Country born?  
And would have kiss'd her, when 'twixt fear and  
scorn  
She put him from her; My dread Lord, said she,  
My Birth is not ignoble, nor was he  
That I call Father, though in some disgrace  
Worthy his unjust Exile: what he was,  
And where I first breath'd air, pardon dread King,  
I dare not, must not tell you: none shall wring  
That secret from me; what I am, you see,  
Or by my Habit you may guess to be  
*Diana's* Votarefs: the cause, great Sir,  
That prompts me to this boldness to appear  
Before your Majesty, was what I owe,  
And ever shall unto your Valour, know,  
(For you may have forgot it) I am she,  
Who with my good old Father you set free,  
Some two years since, from bloody minded men,  
That would have kill'd my honor; had not then

Your timely aid stept in to rescue me,  
And snarcht my bleeding Father, dear to me  
As was mine honor, even from the jaw of Death,  
And given us both a longer stock of breath.  
'Twas this, great King, that drew me with this train,  
From our Devotion to review again  
My honors best preserver, and to pay  
The debt of thanks I owe you: many a day  
I've wish'd for such a time, and Heav'n at last  
Hath made me happy in it: day was now  
Well nigh spent, and Cattel'gan to low  
Homewards t' unlade their milky bags, when she  
Her Speech had ended; every one might see  
Love sit in triumph on *Alexis* brow,  
Firing the captive Conqueror, and now  
He'gins to court her, and love tips his Tongue  
With winning Rhetorick; her hand he wrung,  
And would agen have kiss'd her; but the Maid  
With a coy blush 'twixt angry and afraid



Flung from the King, and with her Virgin train,  
Fled swift as Roes unto their Bower again.  
*Alexis* would have follow'd, but he knew  
What eyes were on him, and himself withdrew  
Into his Chariot, and to Courtward went  
With all his Nobles, hiding his intent  
Under the veil of pleasant light discourse,  
Which some markt well enough; that night per-  
force

They all were glad within the open Plain  
To pitch their Tents, where many a Shepherd  
Swain

Upon their Pipes troul'd out their Evening Lays  
In various accents emulous of praise.  
It was a dainty pleasure for to hear,  
How the sweet Nightingales their throats did tear,  
Envyng their skill, or taken with delight,  
As I think rather, that the still-born night  
Afforded such co-partners of their woes.  
And at a close from the pure streams that flows

Out of the rocky Caverns not far off,  
 Eccho replied aloud, and seem'd to scoff  
 At their sweet sounding airs, this did so take  
 Love-sick *Alexis* willingly awake;  
 That he did wish 't had been a week to day  
 T' have heard them still; but time for none will  
 stay,

The wearied Shepherds at their usual hour  
 Put up their Pipes, and in their Straw-thatcht Bow'r,  
 Slept out the rest of night, the King likewise  
 Tir'd with a weary March shut in his eyes.  
 Within their leaden fold all hush'd and still;  
 Thus for a while we leave him, till my Quill  
 Weary and blunted with so long a story,  
 Rest to be sharpen'd, and then she is for ye.

No sooner welcome day with glimmering light  
 Began to chase away the shades of night,  
 But eccho wakens, rouz'd by the Shepherd Swains,  
 And back reverberates their louder strains.

The airy Choire had tun'd their slender throats,  
And fill'd the bushy groves with their sweet Notes  
The Flocks were soon unfolded, and the Lambs  
Kneel for a Breakfast to their milky Dams.

And now *Aurora* blushing greets the world,  
And o're her Face a curled Mantle hurl'd :

Foretelling a fair day , the Soldiers now  
Began to bustle ; some their Trumpets blow,  
Some beat their Drums, that all the Camp through-  
out

With sounds of War they drill the Soldiers out.

The Nobles soon were hors'd, expecting still  
Their King's approach, but he had slept but ill,  
But was but then arising, heavy ey'd,  
And cloudy look'd, and something ill beside.

But he did cunningly dissemble it  
Before his Nobles, all that they could get  
From him was that, a Dream he had that night  
Did much disturb him ; yet seem'd he make slight

Of what so troubled him ; but up he cheers  
His Soldiers with his presence, and appears  
As hearty as his troubled thoughts gave leave :  
So that except his groans, none could perceive  
Much alteration in him : toward Court  
The Army marches, and swift wing'd report  
Had soon divulg'd their coming ; by the way  
He meets old *Ménon*, who, as you heard say,  
Was Sire to *Florimel*, good man, he then  
Was going to his Daughter : when his men  
Then in the Army in his passing by  
Tend' red their duty to him lovingly.  
He bids them welcome home ; the King drew near,  
And question'd who that poor man was, and where  
His dwelling was ; and why those Soldiers shew'd  
Such reverence to him ; 'twas but what they ow'd  
Answer'd a stander by ; he is their Lord,  
And one that merits more than they afford.  
If worth were rightly valued (gracious Sir)



His name is *Memnon*, if one may believe  
His own report; yet sure, as I conceive,  
He's more than what he seems: the Army then  
Had made a stand when *Memnon* and his men  
Were call'd before the King: the good old man  
With Tears, that joy brought forth, this wife began.  
To welcome home *Alexis* ever be  
Those sacred powers bless'd, that lets me see  
My Sovereigns safe return: still may that power  
Strengthen your arm to Conquer: Heav'n still  
    shower  
Its choicest blessings on my Sovereign,  
My lifes preserver: welcome home again.  
I would my Girl were here, with that he wept,  
When from his Chariot *Alexis* slept,  
And lovingly embrac'd him: he knew well  
That this was *Memnon*, Sire to *Florimel*;  
And to mind how he had set them free  
From more than cruel Rebels; glad was he

So luckily to meet him, from his wrist  
He took a Jewel, 'twas an Amythist  
Made like a Heart with wings: the Motto this,  
*Love gives me wings, and with a — kiss.*  
He gave it to old *Memnon*: bear, said he,  
This Jewel to your Child, and let me see  
Both you and her at Court, fail not with speed  
To let me see you there: old man, I need  
Thy grave advise; all wondred at the deed,  
But chiefly *Memnon*: Father, said the King,  
I'll think upon your men: fail not to bring  
Your Daughter with you; so his leave he takes,  
And ravish'd *Memnon* tow'rd his Daughter makes.  
The Army could not reach the Court that night,  
But lay in open Field, yet within sight  
Of *Pallimando* where the Court then lay.  
For greater state *Alexis* the next day  
Purpos'd to enter it; the Towns-men they  
In the mean time prepare what cost they may,

With Shows and Presents to bid welcom home  
Their victor King; and amongst them were some  
Studied Orations, and compos'd new lays  
In honour of their King: the Oak and Bays  
Were woven into Garlands for to crown  
Such as by Valor had gain'd most renown,  
Scarce could the joyful people sleep that night,  
In expectation of the morrows fight.  
The morrow came, and in triumphant wife  
The King and Soldiers enter: all mens eyes  
Were fix'd upon the King with such desire,  
As if they'd seen a God, while Musicks Choire  
Fill'd every corner with resounding lays,  
That spake the conquering *Alexis* praise.  
Drown'd in the vulgars lowder acclamations,  
'Twould ask an age to tell what preparations  
Were made to entertain him, and my muse  
Grows somewhat weary: these triumphant shews  
Continu'd long, yet seem'd to end too soon,  
The people wish'd 'thad been a week to noon.

By noon the King was hous'd, and order given  
To pay the Soldiers, now it grew tow'rd even,  
And all repair to rest; so I to mine,  
And leave them buried in sound sleep and Wine.  
I'll tell you more hereafter, friendships laws  
Will not deny a friendly rest and pause.

You heard some few leaves past *Alexis* had  
A Dream that troubled him, and made him sad.  
Now being come home it 'gan revive a fresh  
Within his memory, and much oppress  
The pensive King: *Sylvanus*, who you heard  
Was good at Divinations, had steer'd  
His course, as fate would have him, then to Court,  
Belov'd and reverenc'd of the nobler sort,  
And Sainted by the vulgar: that that brought  
The old man thither, was, for that he thought  
To meet *Anaxus* there; but he you heard  
Was otherways employ'd: the Nobles cheer'd



Their love-sick King with the welcome report  
Of old *Sylvanus* coming to the Court ;  
For he had heard great talk of him before,  
And now thought long to see him, and the more  
Because he hop'd to learn from his try'd art,  
What his Dream meant, that so disturb'd his heart.  
*Sylvanus* soon was sent for, and soon came,  
At his first greeting he began to blame  
Th' amorous King for giving way to grief  
Upon so slight occasion, but relief  
Was rather needful now than admonition  
That came too late, his mind lack'd a Physician,  
And healing comforts were to be apply'd  
Unto his Wounds before they mortifi'd.  
*Sylvanus* therefore wish'd him to disclose  
The troublous Dream he had, and to repose  
His trust in that strong pow'r that only could  
Discover hidden secrets, and unfold  
The riddle of a Dream, and that his skill  
Was but inspir'd by that great power, whose will

By weakest means is oftentimes made known.  
Methought (*Alexis* said) I was alone  
By the Sea-side noting the prouder Waves,  
How Mountain-like they swell, and with loud  
braves  
Threaten the bounden Shore; when from the Main  
I see a Turtle rise, the Wings and Train  
Well-nigh deplum'd, and making piteous moan,  
And by a mark I guess'd it was mine own ;  
And flying tow'rd me, suddenly a Kite  
Swoop'd at the Bird, and in her feeble flight  
Soon seiz'd upon her, crying, as I thought,  
To me for help : no sooner was she caught,  
When as an Eagle seeking after prey,  
Flew tow'rd the main Land from the Isles this way,  
And spying of the Kite, the kingly Fowl  
Seiz'd on her strait; the Turtle pretty soul  
Was by this means set free, and fairly gate  
Upon the Eagles back, ordain'd by fate

To be preserv'd: full glad was I to see  
Her so escape; but the Eagle suddenly  
Soaring aloft to Seaward, took her flight,  
And in a moment both were out of sight,  
And left me betwixt joy and sorrow; sad  
For the Birds flight, yet for her freedom glad.  
Then, to my thinking, I espy'd a Swain,  
Running affrighted tow'rd me o're the Plain.  
Upon his wrist methought a Turtle fate,  
Not much unlike th' other mourning for's Mate:  
Only this difference was; upon her head  
She had a tuft of Feathers blue and red,  
In fashion of a Crown; it did me good  
To see how proudly the poor Turtle stood  
Pruning her self, as if she scorn'd her thrall.  
If harmless Doves can scorn that have no Gall.  
I was so much in love with the poor Bird,  
I wish'd it mine, methought the Swain I heard  
Cry out for help to me: with that I spy'd  
A Lion running after him glare-ey'd,

And

And full of rage; fear made the Swain let go  
 The lovely Turtle to escape his foe.  
 The Bird no sooner loose, made to the Beast,  
 And in his curled Locks plats out a Nest.  
 The Beast not minding any other prey  
 Save what he had, ran bellowing away,  
 As over-joy'd; and as methought I strove  
 To follow him I wak'd, and all did prove  
 But a deluding Dream; yet such a one  
 As nightly troubles me to think upon.  
 The pow'rs above direct thee to unfold  
 The myst'ry of it; 'twas no sooner told,  
 When old *Sylvanus* with a chearful smile,  
 Answer'd the King in a familiar stile.  
 You are in love, dread Sovereign, and with two,  
 One will not serve your turn, look what you do,  
 You will go near to lose them both; but fate  
 At length will give you one to be your mate.  
 She that loves you, you must not love as Wife,  
 And she that loves another as her life

Shall



Shall be th' *Arcadian Queen* ; take comfort then,  
The two lost Turtles you will find agen  
Thus much my Art doth tell me, more than this  
I dare not let you know : my counsel is  
You would with patience note the working fates,  
That Joy proves best that's bought at dearest rates.  
He would not name *Anaxus*, tho he knew  
He should make one in what was to ensue ;  
And would not hasten sorrow sooner on him,  
Than he himself would after pull upon him.  
The King was somewhat satisfied with what  
*Sylvanus* told him ; and subscrib'd to fate.  
He puts on chearful looks, and to his Lords  
No little comfort by his health affords.  
He sits in Council, and recalls those Peers  
That liv'd conceal'd in Exile many years.  
'Mongst whom was *Rhotus* , *Memnon* , and some  
others ;  
And tho with cunning his desire he smothers,

Yet did he not forget fair *Florimel*,  
Of whom my stragling Muse is now to tell.  
*Memnon*, you heard, was going to his Child,  
When the King left him with a heart e're fill'd  
With Joy and Hopes: some marks he had espy'd  
About *Alexis*, which so fortified  
His strong conjecture, that he was the man  
He ever took him for, thar he began  
With youthful chearfulness to chide his Age,  
That stole so soon upon him with presage,  
Sweetning his saucy sorrows that had sower'd  
Lifes blessing to him; many tears he showr'd  
With thought of what had pass'd, and tho not sure  
*Alexis* was his Son, those thoughts did cure,  
Or at the leastwise eas'd his troubled mind.  
The good old man no sooner saw his Child,  
And bless'd her for her Duty, when he smil'd  
At what he was to say, and glad she was  
To see her Sire so chearful; to let pass

The long discourse between them : 'twas his will  
She should prepare for Court, chiding her still  
For mentioning *Anaxus* ; nor did he  
Give her long time to think on, what might be  
The cause that mov'd her Father to such haste.  
But by the way he had given her a taste  
Of what might follow : three days were assign'd  
Her for to get things ready ; 'twas his mind  
It should be so, and Duty must obey :  
When Fathers bid, 'tis sin to say them nay.  
Well then he meant to send for her, till when  
He leaves her to her thoughts, and home agen  
The joyful old man wends ; that very night  
Before the day prefix'd, the fates to spight  
Secure *Alexis*, sent *Anaxus* thither,  
And brought his long-sought Love and him together.  
You know we left him with old *Eubolus* ;  
A wisely discreet man and studious :

In Liberal Arts well seen, and State Affairs,  
 Yet liv'd retir'd to shun the weight of cares.  
 That greatness fondly sues for: All that night  
 Was spent in good discourse too long to write,  
 He told the Prince the story of the War,  
 And Pourtray'd out *Alexis* character  
 So to the life, that he was fir'd to see  
 The man he spake of, and disguised he  
 Intended in his thoughts next day to prove  
 The truth of what he heard: but cruel Jove  
 That loves to tyrannize for pleasure, stay'd  
 His purposed Journey, and unawares betray'd  
*Anaxus* to an ambush of sad woes  
 That set on him, when he least dream'd of Foes.  
 Amongst the various discourse that pass'd  
 Between these two, it fortun'd at last  
*Eubolus* fell in talk of *Florimel*,  
 And of her Father *Memnon*, who full well  
 He knew to be a *Lemnian*, howsoe're  
 He gave it out for otherwise for fear



Of double-ey'd suspicion to the Prince.  
He set his Virtues forth, and how long since  
He left his native Soil ; the Prince conceiv'd  
Good hope of what he aim'd at, and believ'd  
By all conjectures that this *Memnon* might  
Be banish'd *Codrus*, whom he meant to right,  
If ever he was King. *Eubolus* went on  
In praises of him and of *Florimel*.  
Friend (quoth the Prince *Anaxus*) canst thou tell  
Where this fair Virgin is ? yes, he reply'd,  
I can and will, 'tis by yon River side,  
Where yonder tuft of Trees stands, day then brake,  
And he might well discern it ; for loves sake,  
Answer'd *Anaxus*, may one see this Maid,  
That merits all these praises ; yes, he said,  
But thro a grate, no man must enter in  
Within the Cloyster, that they hold a sin :  
Yet, she hath liberty some time to go  
To see her Father, none but she hath so.

What e're the matter is, unless when all  
Arm'd with their Bows go to some Festival  
Upon a noted Holiday, and then  
These Female Army, out and home agen  
In comely order marcheth: th'other day  
It was my luck to see her, when this way  
The King came from the Wars, she with her Train,  
(For she seem'd Captain) met him on this Plain:  
Her coming thither, as I heard her say,  
Was for her lifes preserving to repay  
A debt of thanks she ow'd him: many words  
Did pass between them, and before the Lords  
Most graciously he kiss'd her, and did woe  
Her for a longer stay; but she in scorn,  
Or finding him too am'rous, blew her Horn;  
To call her Troop together; all like Roes  
Ran, swiftly tow'rd their Cloyster, she is fair;  
And you know Beauty is a tempting snare:  
Hers is no common one, her very eye  
That sparkled with a kind of Majesty;

Might without wonder captivate a King;  
But this is too too high a strain to sing.  
It was enough that *Eubolus* had said,  
If not too much, to him that throughly weigh'd  
Each circumstance a kind of jealous fire  
Stole to his heart, and spurr'd on his desire  
To see and prove her; taking Pen and Ink  
He writ his mind, foreseeing (as I think)  
She might not come alone unto the Grate,  
And so could not so privately relate  
(If she should prove *Clarinda*) his intent.  
So for an hour in vain to sleep he went,  
But restless thoughts did keep him still awake,  
Still musing on the words the old man spake.  
Well, Sun being up, with thanks he takes his leave  
Of his kind Host, that did not once perceive  
Him to be troubled: with such cunning he  
Dissembled what had mov'd him, jealousy.  
His man and he toward the Cloyster go,  
Casting in's mind what he were best to do

To win a sight of her: his nimble Brain  
Soon hatch'd a polity, that prov'd not vain.  
The Cloyster outward Gate was newly ope,  
When he came there; and now 'twixt fear and hope  
He boldly enters the base Court, and knocks  
At th' inner Gate fast shut with divers Locks:  
At length one came, the Porttels, as I guess,  
For she had many Keys; her stranger dress  
Much took *Anaxus*, who ne're saw till then  
Women attir'd so prettily like men.  
In courteous wife she ask'd him what he would?  
Fair Dame, said he, I have been often told  
(By one I make no question) whom you know,  
Old *Memnon*, (to whose tender care I owe  
For my good breeding) that within this place  
I have a Kinswoman, that lately was  
Admitted for a Holy Sister here,  
My Uncle *Memnon*'s Daughter; once a year  
As Duty binds me, I do visit him,  
And in my Journey homeward at this time



A Kinsmans love prompted me to bestow  
A visit on my Cousin; who I know  
Will not disdain to own me: Gentle Sir,  
Answer'd the man-like Maid, is it to her  
You'd pay your loving tender? Yes, said he,  
To *Florimel* if in this place she be?  
And so my Uncle told me. Yes replied  
The grave Virago, she is here: Yet, Sir,  
You must content your self to speak with her  
Thorough this Grate; her Father comes not in,  
And by our Laws it is esteem'd a sin  
To interchange ought else, save words with men.  
I ask no more, the Prince reply'd agen.  
That cannot be deny'd, said she, stay here  
With patience a while, and do not fear  
But you shall see her; so away she went,  
Leaving the glad *Anaxus* to invent  
Excuses for his boldness, if by hap  
She might not prove *Clarinda*, and intrap

Him in a lye : *Clarinda* came at last  
With all her Train, who as along she pass'd  
Thorough the inward Court, did make a lane,  
Op'ning their ranks, and closing them again.  
As she went forward with obsequious gesture,  
Doing their reverence ; her upward Vesture  
Was of blue Silk, glistering with Stars of Gold  
Girt to her Waste, by Serpents that enfold;  
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought,  
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought  
They had been real. Underneath she wore  
A Coat of Silver Tinsel, short before,  
And fring'd about with Gold ; white Buskins hide  
The naked of her Leg, they were loose ty'd  
With Azure Ribbands, on whose knots were seen  
Most costly Gemms, fit only for a Queen.  
Her Hair bound up like to a Coronet,  
With Diamonds, Rubies, and rich Saphyrs set ;  
And on the top a Silver Crescent plac'd,  
And all the Lustre by such Beauty grac'd,

As her reflection made them seem more fair,  
One would have thought *Diana's* self were there,  
For in her hand a Silver Bow she held,  
And at her back there hung a Quiver fill'd  
With Turtle-feather'd Arrows: thus attir'd,  
She makes towards *Anaxus*, who was fir'd  
To hear this Goddess speak; when they came near,  
Both star'd upon each other, as if fear  
Or wonder had surpriz'd them; for a while  
Neither could speak, at length with a sweet smile  
Grac'd with a comely blush, she thus began.  
Good morrow Cousin, are not you the man  
That I should speak with? I may be deceiv'd;  
Are not you kin to *Memnon*? I believ'd  
My Maid that told me so; he is my Father.  
If you have ought to say to me, fair Soul,  
Answer'd *Anaxus*; many doubts controul  
My willingness to answer; pardon me,  
Divinest Creature, if my answer be

Somewhat impertinent ; read here my mind,  
I am *Anaxus*, and I fain would find  
A chaste *Clarinda* here : she was about  
To call the Port'refs to have let her out.  
But wisely she call'd back her thought for fear  
Her Virgin Troop might see, or over-hear  
What pass'd between them, doubts did rise  
Within her, whether she might trust her eyes.  
It was *Anaxus* voice, she knew that well,  
But by his disguis'd look she could not tell  
Whether 'twere he or no ; all that she said  
Was, I may prove *Clarinda* too ; and pray'd  
Him stay a little, till her short return  
Gave him a better welcom ; all her Train  
Thought she had fetch'd some Jewel for the Swain.  
And as they were commanded, kept their station  
Till her return. The Prince with expectation  
Feeds his faint hopes ; she was not long from thence,  
And in a Letter pleads her innocence,



Which he mistrusted; now she could not speak  
But wept her thoughts, for fear her heart should  
break.

And casting o're a Vail to hide her tears,  
She bid farewell, and leaves him to his fears,  
With that the Gate was shut: *Anaxus* reads,  
And with judicious care each sentence heeds;  
And now he knew't was she whom he so long  
Had sought for; now he thinks upon the wrong  
His rash mistrust had done her, 'twas her will,  
What e're he thought of her, to love him still:  
Nor could th' *Arcadian* Crown tempt her to break  
Her promise with *Anaxus*: Now to seek  
For an excuse to gild o're this offence;  
Yet this did somewhat cheer him, two hours thence  
He was enjoyn'd to come unto a Bower  
That over-look'd the Wall; and at his hour  
*Anaxus* came; there she had often spent  
One hour or two each day alone, to vent

Her private griefs: she came the sooner then  
To meet *Anaxus*, and to talk agen  
With him, whom yet her fears mis-gave her, might  
Be some disguised Cheat: at the first sight  
She frown'd upon him, and with angry look,  
A Title that but ill became the Book  
Wherein her milder thoughts were writ: Are you  
(Said she) *Anaxus*? these loose lines do show  
Rather you are some counterfeit; set on  
By some to tempt my honor, here are none  
That love the world so well to sell her Fame,  
Or violate her yet unspotted Name,  
To meet a Kings Embraces, tho a Crown,  
And that the richest Fortune can stake down  
Should be the hire; I tell thee sawcy Swain,  
Whoever sent thee; I so much disdain  
To yield to what these looser lines import,  
That rather than I will be drawn to Court  
To be *Alexis* Whore; nay, or his Wife,  
I have a thousand ways to let out life.

But

But why do'st thou abuse *Anaxus* so?  
To make him Pander to my overthrow:  
Know'st thou the man thou wrong'st; uncivil  
Swain?

Thou hast my Answer, carry back disdain.  
With that she was about to fling away,  
When he recall'd her; loth to go away,  
What e're she seem'd: before sh'had turn'd about  
He pull'd off his false Hair, and cur'd her doubt.  
My dearest *Florimel*, said he, and wept:  
My sweet *Clarinda*; and hath Heaven kept  
Thee yet alive to recompence my love;  
My yet unchang'd affection, that can move  
But in one Sphere in thee and thee alone,  
Forgive me, my *Clarinda*, what is done  
Was but to try thee, and when thou shalt know  
The reason why I did so; and what woe  
My love to thee hath made me willingly  
To undergo: thou wilt confesse that I

Deserve *Clarinda's* love : poor *Florimet*

Would fain have sooner answer'd ; but tears fell  
In such abundance that her words were drown'd  
Ev'n in their birth ; at length her passions found  
Some little vent to breath out this reply :

O my *Anaxus*, if it be no sin

To call you mine, methinks I now begin

To breath new life, for I am but your creature,

Sorrow had kill'd what I receiv'd from nature

Before I see you ; tho this piece of Clay

My body seem'd to move, until this day

It did not truly live : my Heart you had,

And, that you pleas'd to have it, I was glad :

Yet, till you brought it home, the life I led,

If it were any, was but nourished

By th' warmth I had from yours , which I still  
cherish'd

With some faint hopes, or else I quite had perish'd.

But time steals on, and I have much to say,

Take it in brief, for I'd be loth my stay



Above my usual hour should breed suspect  
In my chaste Sisterhood : bless'd pow'rs direct  
Me what to do ; my soul's in such a strait  
And labyrinth of doubts and fears that wait  
Upon my weakness, that I know no way  
How to wade out : to morrow is the day,  
Th' unwelcom day when I must to the Court,  
For what intent I know not ; to be short,  
I would not go, nor dare I here to stay,  
The King so wills it : yet should I obey  
It might perhaps undo me ; besides this,  
My Father so commands it, and it is  
A well-becoming duty in a child  
To stoop unto his will : yet to be stil'd,  
For doing what he bids me, a loose Dame,  
And cause report to question my chaste Fame ;  
'Twere better disobey ; a Father's will  
Binds like a law, in goodness, not in ill.  
I hope I sin not, that so ill conceive  
Of th' end I'm sent for ; and, can I believe

That

That honor's aim'd at in't? Court-Favors shine  
Seldom on mean ones, but for some design.  
Are not these fears to startle weak-built Women,  
A Virgin Child of Virtue should she summon  
Her best and stout'st resolves; with that, in tears  
And sighs, she speaks the remnant of her fears,  
And sinks beneath their weight; *Anaxus* soon  
Caught hold of her, so that she fell not down,  
And shaking of her, pluck'd her to the Grate  
And with a Kiss reviv'd her; 'twas now late,  
The Cloyster Bell had summon'd all to bed,  
And she was missing, little more she said,  
Save help me my *Anaxus*, keep the Jewel,  
My love once gave thee: swift time was so cruel  
He could not answer; for her Virgin Train  
Flock'd to the Lodg, and she must back again.  
She had enjoyn'd him silence, and to speak  
*Anaxus* durst not, tho his heart should break:  
As it was more than full of care and grief  
For his *Clarinda*, thirsting for relief.

And

And in his looks one might have read his mind,  
How apt it was t'afford it, still sh'enjoyn'd  
Him not to speak ; such was her wary fears  
To be discovered ; kisses mix'd with tears  
Was their best Oratory : then they part,  
Yet turn agen t'exchange each others heart.  
Something was still forgot ; it is loves use  
In what chaste thoughts forbid to find excuse.  
Her Virgins knock, in vain she wipes her eyes  
To hide her passions, that still higher rise.  
She whispers in his ear ; think on to morrow,  
They faintly bid farewell, both full of sorrow.  
The window shuts, and with a fained cheer  
*Clarinda* wends unto her Cloyster, where  
A while we'll leave her to discourse with fear.

Pensive *Anaxus* to the next Town hies  
To seek a lodging : rather to advise  
And counsel with himself, what way he might  
Plot *Florime's* escape : 'twas late at night,

And all were drown'd in sleep; save restless lovers.  
At length as chance would have it, he discovers  
A glim'ring light, tow'rd it he makes and knocks  
And with fair language, open, picks the Locks.  
He enters, and is welcom by his Host  
Where we will leave him and return again  
Unto th' *Arcadian* Court to sing a strain  
Of short-liv'd Joy, soon sowr'd, by such a sorrow  
As will drink all our tears: and I would borrow  
Some time to think on't, 'twill come at the last,  
"Sorrows we dream not on, have sowrest taste.

*Cleon* and *Rhotus*, as you heard of late,  
Were travelling to Court, when (led by Fate)  
They met *Thealma*, who by them had sent  
A Jewel to the King: six days were spent  
Before they reach'd the Court; for *Rhotus* sake  
*Cleon* was nobly welcom'd, means they make  
To do their message to the love-sick King,  
And with *Sylvanus* found him communing.

Some-



Sometimes he smil'd, another while he frown'd,  
Anon his paler cheeks with tears be'en drown'd;  
And ever and anon he calls a Groom,  
And frowning ask'd if *Memnon* were not come.  
One might perceive such changes in the King,  
As hath th'inconstant wellkin in the Spring.  
Now a fair day, anon a Dropsie cloud  
Puts out the Sun, and, in a Sable Shroud  
The day seems buried; when the Clouds are o're,  
The glorious Sun shines brighter than before:  
But long it lasts not; so *Alexis* far'd:  
His Sun-like Majesty was not impair'd  
So much by sorrow, but that now and then  
It would break forth into a smile again.  
At last *Sylvanus* leaves him for a space,  
And, he was going to seek out a place  
To vent his griefs in private; e're he went,  
He ask'd if one for *Memnon* was yet sent?  
With that he spies old *Rhotus*, him he meets,  
And *Cleon* with him: both, he kindly greets.

They

They kneeling, kiss his hand ; he bids them rise,  
And still *Alexis* noble *Cleon* eyes.

Whence are you, Father (said he) what's your name?  
*Cleon* reply'd, from *Lemnos*, Sir, I came,

My name is *Cleon* ; and full well the King  
Knew he was so, yet he kept close the thing.

He list not let his Nobles know so much,  
What e're the matter was: his grace was such  
To the old men, as rich in worth as years.

He leads them in, and welcomes them with tears:  
The thoughts of what had pass'd , wrung from his  
eyes.

And, with the King in Tears, they sympathize.

O *Rhotus*, said he, 'twas thy charity

That rais'd me to this greatness, else had I

Fal'n lower than the Grave, and in the Womb.

Of the salt Ocean wept me out a Tomb.

Thy timely help preserv'd me, so it pleas'd

The all-disposing Fates. There the King ceas'd

His sad discourse ; he sighs and weeps afresh,  
And rings old *Rhotus* hand in thankfulness.  
Sorrow had tongue-ty'd all, and now they speak  
Their minds in sighs and tears, nor could they  
check

These embrio's of passion : reason knows  
No way to counsel passion that o'reflows.  
Yet like to one that falls into a swoon,  
In whom we can discern no motion,  
No life, nor feeling, not a gasp of breath,  
(So like the bodies faintings are to death)  
By little and by little Life steals in,  
At last he comes unto himself agen.  
Life was but fled unto the heart for fear,  
And thronging in it, well-nigh stifles there,  
Till by its struggling Fear that chill'd the heart,  
Meeting with warmth, is forc'd for to depart,  
And's Life is loose agen : so sorrow wrought  
Upon these three, that any would have thought

Them weeping Statues ; Reason at the length  
Struggling with passions recover'd strength,  
And forc'd a way for speech: *Rhotus* was first  
That brake this silence, there's none better durst ;  
He knew his cause of sorrow, and was sure  
The gladsem news he brought had power to cure  
A Death-strook Heart ; yet in his wisdom he  
Thought it not best, what e're his strength might be,  
To let in joy too soon ; too sudden joy,  
Instead of comforting, doth oft destroy :  
Experience had taught him so't might be ;  
Nor would old *Rhotus* venture't, wherefore he  
By some ambigual discourses thought  
It best to let him know the news he brought.  
So lowly bowing *Rhotus* thus begins.  
Dread Sovereign, how ill it suits with Kings  
(Whose Office 'tis to govern men) that they  
Should be their passions laws ; self-Reason may,  
Or should instruct you : Pardon, gracious Sir,  
My boldness, Virtue brooks no flatterer ;



Nor dare I be so ; you have conquer'd men,  
And rul'd a Kingdom ; shall your passions then  
Unking *Alexis* : be your self agen,  
And curb those home-bred rebel thoughts, that  
have

No pow'r of themselves, but what you gave  
In suffering them so long : had you not nurs'd  
Those Serpents in your bosom, but had crush'd  
Them in the egg, you then had had your health.

“ He rules the best that best can rule himself.

And here he paus'd. *Alexis* willing ear  
Was chain'd to his discourse ; when with a tear,  
He sigh'd out this reply : I know it well,  
I would I could do so ; but tears 'gan swell,  
Rais'd by a storm of sighs : he soon had done.  
Which *Rhotus* noting, boldly thus went on.  
Most Royal Sir, be comforted, I fear  
My rude Reproofs affect not your soft Ear,  
Which if they have I'm sorry, gracious Sir,  
I ask your pardon, if my Judgment err.

I came to cure your sorrows, not to add  
 Unto their heavy weight that makes you sad.  
 To cure me, *Rhotus*? (said *Alexis*) no,  
 Good man, thou canst not do't, didst thou but  
 know  
 The sad cause whence they spring. Perhaps I do,  
 Reply'd old *Rhotus*, and can name it too.  
 If you'l with patience hear me : cheer up then,  
 After these show'rs it may be fair agen.  
 As I remember, when the Heavens were pleas'd  
 To make me your Preserver, you my Guest,  
 (And happy was I that it fell out so)  
 Amongst the many fierce assaults of woe,  
 That then oppress'd your spirit, this was one :  
 When you were private, as to be alone  
 You most affected, I have often heard  
 You sigh out one *Thealma* ; nor have spar'd  
 To curse the Fates for her : what might she be,  
 And what's become of her ? if I may be

So bold to question it, tell us your grief,

“The hearts unlading hastens on relief:

“When sorrows pent up closely in the breast,

“Destroy unseen, and render such unrest

“To the Souls wearied faculties, that Art

“Despairs to cure them: pluck up a good heart

And cast out those corroding thoughts that will

In time undo you, and untimely lay

Your honor in the dust. The speechless King

Wept out an Answer to his counselling;

For, speak he could not, sighs and sobs so throng’d

From his sad heart, they had him quite untongu’d.

Will it not be, said *Rhotus*? then I see

*Alexis* is unthankful; not, that He

That once I took him for: but, I have done.

When first I found you on the Rock, as one

Left by stern Fate to ruine, well-nigh drown’d,

And starv’d with cold, yet Heaven found

E’en in that hopeless exigent, a way

To raise you to a Crown; and will you pay

Heav’n’s

Heav'n's providence with frowns; for ought you  
know,

She that you sorrow for so much, may owe

As much to Heav'n as you do, and may live

To make the Joy complete, which you conceive

In your despairing thoughts impossible:

I say, who knows but she may be as well

As you; nay better, more in health and free

From head-strong passion? Can I hope to be

So happy, *Rhotus*? answer'd the said King:

No, she is drown'd; these eyes beheld her sink

Beneath the Mountain Waves, and shall I think

Their cruelty so merciful, to save

Her, their ambition strove for to ingrave?

Why not, reply'd old *Cleon*, who till then

Had held his peace: "The Gods work not like  
men;

"When Reason's self despairs, and help there's  
none;

"Finding no ground for hope to anchor on;



"Then is their time to work. This you have known,  
And Heaven was pleas'd to mark you out for one  
It meant thus to preserve: 'tis for some end,  
(A good one too, I hope) and Heav'n may send  
This happy seed-time such a joyful crop  
As will weigh down your sorrows, kill not hope  
Before its time, and let it raise your spirit  
To bear your sorrows nobly: never fear it,  
*Thealma* lives.

*And here the Author dy'd, and I hope the  
Reader will be sorry.*

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**FINIS.**

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